THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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REFORMATION PLUS RECOVERY

WITH the first words of his message to Congress, President Roosevelt swept away all uncertainty, which may have infected any portion of the public, that not only material recovery but a thoroughgoing and permanent reformation of the social system of the country is his objective. To effect such a reformation was the mandate given to him by those voters who elected him. They were men and women of both the major political parties who were united in that fundamental purpose which was expressed in the symbolical phrase, "The New Deal." Not only in his inaugural address did the President fully accept that mandate, but of course it is clear that he more than any man in the country was responsible for the arousing of the determination of the public to seek a fundamental change. In every public address subsequent to his inauguration, and in the whole concurrent series of bold actions taken by him—even in those measures which he frankly recognized as being experimental—he reaffirmed his loyalty and his leadership under the terms of his mandate. It is a confirmed fact that he will not place that mandate aside now that the first successes of the recovery program have been won. Not only recovery but true reformation is still his object. And it may be taken for granted, we believe, that the common sense of the people clearly recognizes the fact that reformation is not revolution—certainly not in the violent or subversive meaning of that word—and, therefore, we believe that the people will remain where they have been since March 4, 1933, namely, solidly with and behind their leader, as the second phase of the Roosevelt reformation begins.

His own words express far more clearly than any paraphrase could possibly do the President's own conception of his task. "I come," he said to Congress, "to counsel with you, who like myself have been selected to carry out a mandate of the whole people, and in order that without partizanship you and I may cooperate to continue the restoration of our national well-being and, equally important, to build on the ruins of the past a new structure designed better to meet the problems of modern civilization. . . . Now that we are definitely in the process of recovery, lines have been rightly drawn between those to whom this recov-

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ery means a return to the old methods—and the number of these people is small—and those for whom recovery means a reform of many old methods, a permanent readjustment of many of our ways of thinking and therefore of many of our social and economic arrangements. . . . Without regard to party, the overwhelming majority of our people seek a greater opportunity for humanity to prosper and find happiness. They recognize that human welfare has not increased and does not increase through mere materialism and luxury, but it does progress through integrity, unselfishness, responsibility and justice."

Only a short time ago a nation-wide drive was being made by many newspapers, organized groups, and individuals, the purpose of which seemed to be to concentrate and direct upon President Roosevelt a great barrage of criticism and opposition, particularly in regard to his monetary policies. But it was soon apparent that the effort was a failure. It did not arouse the public mind. Soon it dwindled down and flickered out, only to give place to a new effort to arouse apprehension, not only on the score of the President's monetary program, but also as to the whole drift and direction of his general policy. This effort took the form of a demand, emanating from many different quarters, and which was urged more and more strongly as the evidences of our economic recovery began to multiply, for the President to concentrate all his forces henceforward exclusively upon the business of expediting and consolidating the economic recovery, and to forget—or at least postpone to the indefinite future—his concurrent task of Reformation.

Many of those who expressed this point of view—such widely read syndicate writers as Mark Sullivan and Richard Washburn Childs, for example, or newspapers like the New York *Herald Tribune*—assiduously sought to communicate their own fears that the new deal has for its ulterior purpose nothing short of the imposition of some sort of state Socialism, or even Russian Communism, upon the American people. And they seemed to take it for granted that the altogether desirable thing would be for the Roosevelt administration to turn the country back to that old-time system of unrestrained commercialism, which is camouflaged under such terms as "unchanging economic laws." To this spirit, the President has returned his answer: "Civilization cannot go back; civilization must not stand still. We have undertaken new methods. It is our task to perfect, to improve, to alter when necessary, but in all cases to go forward. To consolidate what we are doing, to make our economic and social structure capable of dealing with modern life is the joint task of the legislative, judicial and the executive branches of the national government." In other words, it is not the task of a dictatorship—certainly not in the United States. It is the directing of that task in the spirit of the Constitution, and because of the clearly expressed mandate of the overwhelming majority of his people, that is the democratic function of the leader of his people.

It is not to be expected that his convinced opponents will cease to exert the tremendous powers at their command. On the contrary, the real battles of the campaign still are to come. But there is a great advantage in having illusions dispelled, and it was a great illusion to believe, as so many professed to believe, prior to the delivery of the President's message, that the long-range program of the administration would be scrapped. It was, we are confident, another illusion to fear that this long-range program aimed at social revolution. The true program is one of reformation.

"The program itself," says the President, "comes from the American people. It is an integrated program, national in scope. Viewed in the large, it is designed to save from destruction and to keep for the future the genuinely important values created by modern society. The vicious and wasteful parts of that society we could not save if we wished; they have chosen the path of self-destruction."

WEEK BY WEEK

SEEN in retrospect from the cheerful perch of New Year's Day, 1933 looks like a period of explosions, each of which rocked human society.

Welcoming 1934

The pendulum of industrial activity swung from the dead stillness of bank holidays in March to summertime belief that inflation was at hand. Mentally the United States veered from determined conservatism to the most pronounced willingness to experiment yet recorded in our history. In the domain of foreign affairs, Washington went from overabsorption in Europe to new and hardly mapped maneuvers in the Far East. Practically all other countries have witnessed changes equally extraordinary. Adolf Hitler came into power, dedicating Germany to a program which the rest of the world repudiated with so much energy that the revolutionary impetus of National-Socialism was gradually slowed down until, by Christmas time, the tempo was relatively placid. France, which seemed the most dependable polity in the lot, faced during the closing months of the year a situation so comparable to that which the German Mueller Cabinet failed to meet in 1929 that almost any kind of a prediction was in order. In both instances, parliamentary government came square up against the necessity of cuts in official salaries, which tenaciously resisted amputation. Society careened through despair and wild hope, through threats of complete disorder and unorthodox schemes of improvement, to a position of

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groggy but cheerful scepticism. There we all seemed to be as the new year dawned. May we have something complimentary to say about it twelve months hence.

Who Are the People?

MR. ROOSEVELT'S address at the Wilson dinner on December 28 was a very appealing speech which deserves a blue ribbon for political wisdom. It summarized developments in the domain of foreign policy and succeeded in adorning even them with optimism. Pan-American relations are better than ever before; the United States has discarded every shred of belief in imperialism; and a clear-cut disarmament program, based upon confidence in the diplomatic value of the League of Nations, has been given to a world 90 percent of which believes that war would be an unthinkable disaster. We share the conviction that Secretary Hull did excellent work at Montevideo, and we hold that an imperialistic United States would be an anomaly under existing international conditions. It is likewise evident to us that too much pessimism is bad for the collective soul. "Everybody is on our side" is a motto which makes a vivid impression upon the average man; and if everybody really is on the side of peace—excepting a few bad governments—the dove will get a great deal more support than the lion. Still it is rather bad history to cheat the lion of his share. Put bluntly, the proposition that the people always want peace while the governments sometimes flirt with war couldn't be defended successfully even by a debating society in a college where there was no library and no observer of things as they are.

WE DOUBT whether any government in existence today faces the thought of war without dread. Yet there are—as there generally have been—large groups of private citizens in a great many countries who feel that marching to battle would be a helpful and glorious thing. It is quite evident, for example, that if Herr Hitler had to order a rush to the colors next week his would be the worst case of chronic insomnia on record. If even the Japanese government, which seems to be the most martial, had to engage in a conflict which the overwhelming majority of the people opposed, the Mikado would doubtless have to pack his bags and join the variegated assembly of crowned heads on a vacation. If French statesmen tried to maintain an army which their political supporters adjudged vain and ridiculous, there would be a sudden end to a good many things. The truth of the matter is that while Herr Hitler was worrying about a possible French invasion of the Rhineland, at least two dozen speakers were declaring that a fight—even at the price of defeat—would be good for the German national soul. In virtually all European countries it has not been the government which forced uniforms and drilling on the citizenry. It was the citizenry which compelled the government to authorize uniforms and drilling. No good purpose is served by ignoring such homely and plain realities.

Restating Welfare Ideals

IT IS to be hoped that the city's new Commissioner of Public Welfare, William Hodson, will be left free to put into action the principles he has just laid down in his first public instruction to his department and the Home Relief Bureau. This document is admirable in scope and finely sincere in tone. Citizens possessed of really democratic and Christian ideals of neighborliness and compassion will greet it as a realistic and promising basis for an attempt, at least, at better things within the city. One need not swallow wholesale and hostile criticisms of the recent administration's conduct of relief to know that better things are sorely needed. Injustice and mere routine inhumanity seem to be almost inseparable from large-scale welfare work, not to speak of the more extraneous and sinister influences which may be brought to bear by political or personal favoritism. Periodical reorganization or reanimation of charity departments is, therefore, a healthy thing in itself; and, over and above this, Mr. Hodson's individual approach, as we have already said, is especially reassuring.

HE DEFINES for his associates the courtesy which they all will be required to show to the "thousands of people who through no fault of their own are unable to provide for themselves and those near and dear to them": "They are battered and bruised by hardship; they are bewildered by the loss of their possessions and the resulting feeling of insecurity and impending disaster. You are [their] last hope. . . . My first request and order is that you deal with them as you would have them deal with you, remembering that except for lucky chance you, too, might be in their ranks." One vitally important detail elaborates this instruction: inquiries are to be pursued "tactfully and with a full recognition of the intrusion they make into private affairs." There is an invitation to the entire department to help abolish political influence; and a concrete beginning is made in the statement that "no person seeking help need ask for a letter from the district leader. . . . [Such letters] will receive the same consideration and no more than letters from the humblest citizens. . . . Need is the sole requirement for help, and those who have the least 'influence' or 'pull' ought to be given first consideration." Finally, Mr. Hodson will press for a law reform permitting cash relief in some cases in addition to commodity relief. This is partly to simplify the present system, but it is

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chiefly for a better reason, which is in harmony with Mr. Hodson's entire policy: it is because the denial of cash relief "tends to destroy the last vestige of self-respect that remains in a family where the bread-winner is unable to work for wages and pay for what he gets."

Colored Doctors

A COMMITTEE of physicians and laymen financed by the Carnegie Corporation of New York and by Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, has issued an eighty thousand word report on the Negro medical situation in the United States which finds that there are too few Negroes practising medicine. The report, which had its inception in an investigation of conditions at Harlem Hospital but went much beyond this, declares that there are only one-fourth as many Negro physicians as there should be in the country and that health conditions among the colored population are generally unsatisfactory. One of the greatest practical needs is pointed out to be opportunities for interneships, the total number of Negro interneships being less than the total number of graduates every year. Very few hospitals admit a Negro graduate in medicine to interneship, and at Harlem Hospital last year only four Negroes applied for one of the periods there. This was explained by the fact that none of the internes or residents are on salary. The report calls upon hospital authorities generally, "and those in charge of tax-maintained hospitals in particular," to accept well-qualified Negro graduates for interne service. There are only two Negro medical schools, Howard and Meharry, and these graduate 100 students annually, while only twenty Negroes are graduated from "white" schools. We believe this is valuable addenda to Mr. Brunini's article on the general situation of the Negro in the United States, which is elsewhere in this issue. We hope that those associated with Catholic hospitals and medical enterprise will have an opportunity to familiarize themselves with the report and to help out in the situations described.

A New Weekly

WE NOTE with real pleasure the establishment of a new Catholic weekly which should be of interest to readers in many parts of the world. *Der Christliche Ständestaat* is issued in Vienna by Professor Dietrich von Hildebrand and a corps of assistants, with a view to serving the development of a Christian state in Austria. Professor von Hildebrand is known to a wide audience as the author of several books, notably "A Defense of Purity," translated into English. Until this summer he was the best-known philosopher of the University of Munich, interested not merely in general ethical problems but also in the Catholic conception of universal peace. It was this last concern which brought down on him the anathemas of the Nazi government and sent him into an exile from which he was rescued by a call to the University of Vienna. The new journal is not, however, colored by merely personal resentment. Providing as it does a forum for the discussion of social, ethical and cultural problems in the light of Catholic experience, it can justly boast of a philosophic temper rare in modern journalism. The address is Zeltgasse 11, Vienna 7.

How Graft Starts

AMONG the many services rendered the public by Mr. Edward P. Mulrooney, one important one has been the education of opinion. The very reverse of a publicity-seeker, he has nevertheless an instinct for using the avenues of publicity to bring facts home to the citizenry. As New York's Police Commissioner, he employed the newspapers repeatedly in his efforts to demonstrate what the forces are that turn young boys into young deperadoes. Since then, as Chairman of the State Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, Mr. Mulrooney has kept the public informed, not merely statistically but clearly and understandably, of every step in that body's labors at the key point of New York's progressive solution of the problems of repeal. His latest report, on the number and distribution of retailers' licenses issued thus far, makes interesting reading, showing as it does, in comparison with pre-prohibition data, how determinedly the Board is standing against any return in any guise of the old-time saloon. But we find the news stories, which must also have emanated from Mr. Mulrooney, on the nipping of an incipient license-graft ring in his department, even more interesting. They relate how certain of the department investigators, acting in collaboration with a mail clerk, withheld some of the licenses already granted by the Board, until the licensees paid them—"for personal delivery," was the way this shake-down was worded. Luckily the secretary of the Board speedily unearthed this little bonanza, and fired those working it. It constitutes a sort of primary course in graft control.

Columbia's Victory

ONCE in a blue moon all the romantic, underdog stories come true, in the concentrated essence of a single actual happening. Such a happening was Columbia's 7-0 victory over Stanford on New Year's Day in the Rose Bowl of Pasadena. Not even the periodical triumphant invasions of the West by the Rockne super-teams had the quality of this particular invasion; for though the Rockne teams were usually outweighed by the California giants, even as Columbia was outweighed, everyone (except Californians) expected the Rockne teams to win. Columbia, on the other hand, was thought to be so far

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outclassed that there was general wonder at their accepting Stanford's invitation to the contest. The betting odds are said to have been three and four to one against them. This was probably in part because Eastern football prestige has long gone glimmering on the Western coast, and in part simply because of that mysterious capacity for making a fool of itself that "smart opinion" has always displayed upon occasion. For the lads from Morningside Heights ("where men are men," ran one of the telegrams of congratulation when it was all over) showed perfect condition in spite of their transcontinental trip; repeatedly, within a few feet of their own goal-posts, they held the mighty West-coast champions for downs—which is the most rugged kind of football; and they sent a man over for the only touchdown scored in the game by a deception so masterly that the ball was not seen by a single member of the Stanford eleven. It is said that they have restored on the Pacific seaboard the lost fame of the Atlantic. It seems very likely. In the face of such a victory, even the fact that it rained during the game becomes a minor portent.

Catholic Workers College

ON THE initiative of the active and Franciscan spirited workers on the staff of the *Catholic Worker,* what is tentatively described as a workingman's college is to be started in New York sometime in February. Authorities on various subjects have agreed to contribute lectures, we are informed by a member of the *Catholic Worker* staff. These include, among others, several professors from Fordham University and the Reverend Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., editor of *America.* Man's humanity and inhumanity to man will be considered in the light of history, philosophy and theology. Modern practises of propaganda will be studied so that the bewildered citizen who plays a modest and useful part in life and has only small leisure left for being political minded may unravel some of the things-in-themselves being done to him or attempted on him. The plan of conducting the classes is first to have an hour devoted to general discussion and conversation by those present. Then the lecturer of the evening will discourse on his topic for an hour. Following this, he will, if he likes, keep the chair for an hour and answer questions or regulate discussion from the floor; or he may turn the chair over to another who will simply give the stop and go signals for the traffic of ideas and hope to prevent head-on crashes.

IT IS further planned to have the course of lectures free. While this is laudable from one point of view, we would recommend that the workingman be given an opportunity to participate in the support of his college, as a privilege, as a measure of his earnestness and a declaration of independence. If he should be temporarily embarrassed through being against his will not a workingman, certainly he should not be denied admittance but should be made doubly welcome. Still, if this enterprise is to be more than ephemeral, it should have a core of alumni who know working at first hand and who cherish their college as one to which they want to make substantial contributions from their labor, for the dignity and the improvement of labor. The Catholic workers will be meeting the regimentarian sophists of Communism then on a fairer footing.

THE LABYRINTH

PREVIOUSLY (issue of January 5) it was asserted that the essence of going from awareness of the Reality which the Church is, to action in the spirit of that Reality, could be defined as gradually seeking "to be what we have been told to be." The reply is, from the point of view of the individual, pretty clear. When we begin to think of the manifold problems latent in our relations with one another, the outlook grows cloudy and complicated. Why? Simply because the straight line which leads from the soul to God is changed into the crooked, labyrinthine way which goes through the natural order regulating the life of man. Therewith a basically simple task—"Alone unto the Lone I go"—becomes very difficult. Every age has wrestled heroically with the problem. The hermit attempted to solve it by cutting himself loose from all entanglements with others. Monasticism found a solution in the simplification and austere ordering of group relations. No equally satisfactory rule can be found for the ordinary layman. Our Lord stated the difficulty when He spoke of the barriers which stood between the rich man (i.e., the man enmeshed in the control of economic factors) and the Kingdom.

Nevertheless there is, of course, a general plan of life to which all can have recourse. This is the Church. Let us try to see what that means with reference to us as people endeavoring to associate with others. The Church is union—union fostered by knowledge and love. This "knowledge" is of a strange kind, being not a series of facts or theories learned by rote or evolved out of reflection, but a "knowing" conferred upon all by election. Of it Our Lord says very simply: "I know mine and mine know Me." There is here a startling directness, an almost baffling elimination of all kinds of smartness. A very clever fellow may be, after all, only a Pharisee. A very great sinner may "know" in an instant, though his preparatory school may have been, to say the least, down at the heels. Inside the Church, a sacrament can confer knowledge which a dozen university degrees are powerless to bestow.

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The same thing is true of love, which every page of the New Testament emphasizes as the primary secret of Christianity. "Greater love hath no man" is the supreme claim the Saviour makes for Himself, and in every shred of writing by His immediate followers which has come down to us, the same radiant confidence in all-important love finds expression. Yet here again we are not dealing with an "emotion" which can be fostered, pulled up by its own boot-straps. The relation between the Saviour and His brethren in the Church is the relation between vine and tendrils—love courses through all, by reason of the simple fact of union. It is the fire enkindled by knowledge, the bliss of the soul which has realized its deepest wish, the mainspring of all action which alone can be desirable in the Church.

Now it is obvious that Christianity really has no other mission excepting the discovery, for as many human beings as possible, of such knowledge and love. With them all things are possible; without them nothing can be done. We may desire, in times of stress, to concern ourselves with other matters *in the Church,* but such desires are actually temptations. Saint Paul's dictum on "not having charity" and yet trying to do things adjudged "Christian" says once and for all everything that can be written on this subject. And yet we may at once proceed to draw the first great conclusion. If we possess as individuals the knowledge and love spoken of above, then we also possess them as a group, as a Church. The man or woman beside us in the Church is as inextricably part of the Lord as we are ourselves. And therefore, regardless of circumstances, the ethical mandate of knowing and loving one's neighbor is established on a rock against which no storms can prevail.

The relations between persons living in the Church are governed not by duty or even a code of ethics, but by what is in the strict sense necessity. We cannot help being convinced that "I am my neighbor." He must be assisted, in body and soul. He must be trusted. There cannot be a moment during which we are indifferent to his needs or struggles. It is self-evident that we must share with him the last crust of bread, a final shoddy garment. Failure to do so is the greatest sin excepting the deliberate repudiation of knowledge. Whenever there is despair in the Church which is not heeded by those who could bring hope and relief, the sacred Vine and its human tendrils are wrenched apart. No amount of effort to do other things well can compensate for failure to keep alive the solidarity which of necessity exists within the Church.

Suppose now that a period of stress and storm comes over mankind as a whole, rocking the economic foundations of society as an earthquake shakes the walls of a house. It is incumbent upon the human intelligence to seek adequate remedies —to straighten out for example the hard knot into which the flow of credit has now been tied. But there is no reason for supposing that Catholics will possess more such intelligence than anybody else. Society may legitimately hope that they have their share, which is usually the case. Perhaps a great idea will come from a Catholic capitalist or economist; perhaps it will come from a heathen Chinee. No one can tell—or care. The kind of knowledge here required is so different from that which is the distinguishing characteristic of Christianity as to preclude the assumption of a connection between the two. Sometimes churchmen, using natural brains and skill, have aided mankind in a historical crisis, and sometimes they have failed. The winds and the rain fall on all men alike. Only by a miracle can the demon in nature be exorcised.

But whether the times be of stress or of plenty, there is no case of needless suffering in the Church which can excuse any member of it anywhere from guilt of calamitous failure. Relative poverty and relative plenty will always exist, and no doubt the tendency of some to accumulate what others cannot hold is good and valuable. But absolute poverty in any sense is a challenge to the Christian which cannot be ignored, which wounds the soul to the bone even while the mind steels itself to indifference. History may be summed up, from the point of view of the Church, as the record of the ruin caused by heresy and callousness. The one is an attack upon knowledge; the other a raid against love. Who shall say which has been more disastrous? If today, after two thousand years, the power of Christ is so little understood in the world, the reason is largely that whole epochs failed to see that treason against the poor in the Church would eventually bring a blight upon all nations.

We say "the poor in the Church," because our first duty is to them. Of course there is a mandate to be kindly to all men—to do good even to those at whose hands one suffers. Nevertheless, the obligation to care for those who with us are united in Christ takes precedence over all other claims, not for opportunistic reasons but for the sake of the Lord. Against this command no barrier of race or nation is proof. The group which counts most to us is not the political entity to which we belong, or the ethnical tribe into which we are born, but the Church. When the Catholics of one country fail to bring needed aid to those of another country, something akin to a schism has occurred. This may sound like a hard saying, but unless the record of the Word which was kept for us at great peril since the beginning has lost its significance, it is true. Nothing can sever our faith from charity—not personal wishes, or philosophies, or cynicism, or politics. For knowledge and love are wedded in Him for evermore.

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THE FAIR—1933

By PHILIP BURNHAM

ON SUNDAY, November 12, a forty-year-old ray of light from that industrious star, Arcturus, illuminated for the last time those lights of the Century of Progress Exposition that it had started burning in a marvelous way six months previously. Leading Chicago citizens had already taken sufficient stock of the Fair to decide it was worth opening again next summer. But, like a work of art, the Chicago Fair cannot be assessed as to its real value, influence and significance, from such an immediate view. We can only review what it seems to be now, and allow to future years a more likely judgment of what it seems to have been after all.

The Fair was a distinctly large undertaking in many fields. Its direct and indirect economic effect unquestionably has been great, especially rising, as it does, from a depressed plain. There was, in the first place, the primary expenditure on plant and equipment of approximately $37,000,000. This was the largest enterprise thus far attempted by private industry during the depression. Mr. J. M. Keynes, with the use of his multiplier, would estimate that this gave well over 74,000 men a year's employment. The financial effect of the 22,500,000 admissions can never be determined accurately enough to make it worth while writing down. It is unknowable what the visitors would have done if they had not gone to the Century of Progress. However, the Pullman Company, the railroads, the receivers of the large Chicago hotels, local merchants and local entertainers have reported in unusually black figures. In the quantitative sphere of dollars, the Exposition was a success, and the guaranteeing bond issue of $10,000,000, one half paid off now, will probably be redeemed next year.

It is more interesting to consider the Century of Progress as a cultural effort and a cultural sign. The serious backers were very conscious of this point of view, and whatever freedom they had from finance was devoted to giving this sort of value to the work. Their first thought in this was to make the Fair contemporary. The great Fair of 1893 has gradually reaped for itself much scorn because it looked too much backward, because it reflected a cultural lag in the outlook of its builders. They did not judge in the contemporary the elements that later years found most vital or the best. Those responsible this year hope that they have given more proper emphasis to the various ingredients of our civilization. They have attempted this, while at the same time exhibiting what had made Chicago change, or "progress," in its century.

The dominant note of the Exposition is science; science and applied science. This would appear quite justified. Science is most stressed by the Exposition proper and by the bulk of the private exhibitors. It is brilliantly displayed, and the more ardently one is a scientist, the more one enjoys the immense show. The connection between pure science and invention is illustrated, and the core of mathematics receives its suitable honor. The great industries and the medical profession seem to have guaranteed by their efforts that we see the most modern scientific applications along the miles of their displays and in their auditoriums.

The philosophic aspect of the problem, however, is not so evident. The attitude taken toward science is not clear, except that it is the most important thing at the Fair. Written explanations attached to exhibits and decorative quotations from great scientists present no dogmatic approach which could not be contradicted genuinely or with small sophistry elsewhere. The evolution exhibits are one clear exception. Evolution is taught barely and vulgarly, as it must be with the possible resources, but with no hint at qualification or complexity. It is taught crudely and axiomatically as Huxley would have done. An expert might also find that science is left on a Newtonian basis. This may appear a serious lag to a future generation.

If science is the dominant note of the Fair, unusual architecture is the most striking. It has also been the most publicized, so that most people have an opinion about it. It seems to meet contemporary canons excellently. It is thoroughly functional. The problem is to have a great number of people flow quickly through the temporary shelters of varied exhibits, and in them see as many things as possible, with the least possible effort and distress, and the most effect. The particular architectural problem is rare. But the principle of stating the problem accurately, and meeting it cheaply with least waste, utilizing current structural methods (such as the cantilever roof and the cable substitute for cross beam), and relying largely on masses, lines and surface preservatives for artistic effect, is a general one, and it seems appropriately modern.

The private buildings had the complicating principle of advertising, and they are consequently less pure. The modern home group is not satisfying in its architecture. Some are a compromise between traditional hominess and the international school. Some are tricks not quite successful. Some emphasize a single product impractically. Some refuse to admit the limitation of their budget. Most are like automobiles designed

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in a nineteenth-century manner, while they should be either horse buggies or cars of 1934 model.

Although the fine arts exhibit was not held in the actual Exposition grounds, there was not a department in which the officials felt more keenly the necessity of rectifying the errors of the Columbian Exposition, and proving a contemporary spirit. The Chicago Art Institute gathered the greatest loan exhibit the country has seen. Its theme was the progress of art in the world, and of art collecting in America. Only one picture was foreign-owned, Whistler's "Mother," and that was imported cold-bloodedly as an advertisement. Contemporary painting occupied fourteen rooms, and nearly all the small amount of sculpture, about one hundred pieces, was contemporary. There was thus a guarantee against the charge of looking backward in years. And these current examples ran from the most academic to surréaliste and abstract, so no modern school can easily have been slighted in the way that the whole impressionist movement was in 1893. Cézanne had the only exclusive room, and Matisse and Picasso received next most emphasis.

A catalogue of this exhibit will always be interesting as a picture of current taste, and it is hard to believe that it was not current good taste. It was, of course, limited in different directions which different people can regret. There was no reflection of the advance in collections of oriental art, nor in gothic art (except early Tuscan painting), and sculpture was relegated to a very minor part.

The sociology building was a problem for any observer. Undoubtedly it was a delicate problem for the exhibitors too, in these days of increasing social passions. The policy was evidently to allot space to regularly recognized organizations, public, profit-making, and charitable, and then to trust the space would be used fittingly. The result was a confused, if limited, attitude toward what are considered sociological problems. And one can predict with almost a 99 percent margin of safety that if the sociology building were reproduced after another forty years, it would look ridiculous, and would exhibit a disturbing lag in the social outlook of its builders.

Besides some products of school handicraft and illustrations of good housing and bad, good environment and bad, there are three main divisions among the exhibits: those of the professional social worker; those of institutions, such as life insurance companies, schools and publishers, whose work has social repercussions; and some few which include direct dramatizations of the relation between an individual's income and his sociological environment and his troubles in getting an income. This last type, although small, is the most delicate and interesting. Typically, the problem is stated simply and evidently according to the new deal, and amazingly as if it were answered. There are series of little stages set in an aura of past time showing horrible factory owners grasping greedily all the income from their enterprises and spending it hatefully. Contrasted are ghost-like workers, completely slavish and poverty stricken. Then strikes, turbulence, confusion, and economic standstill. Finally come idyllic scenes of pure and selfless cooperation, with master and man sitting around the conference table, all looking fine. Prosperity is in the foreground, and a benevolent government in the back. Next door, incidentally, stood the most popular single edifice of the Fair: the Federal Building, with its departments, corridor by corridor.

The second type of exhibit, in which standard schools and business organizations supplying social services show their part, naturally advertises their own solutions to the particular woes with which they are concerned. The utilization of education, training, books, insurance, shift life from well-pictured drabness to comfort. The question of how one is to afford all these is not answered.

The many exhibits of the social service workers are exactly true to form. They are boasts of past progress in their line and guides to further progress along the same line. The great theme of the rationalization of expenditures on the needy is struck beautifully by a small series of dioramas showing the history of almsgiving, starting with antique indifference, working through the Middle Ages when a wonderfully supercilious lord, at the portal of a church, drops pennies into the crippled hands of beggars, and climaxing with a highly trained social worker scientifically meeting the needs of happy destitutes. The great point is to organize and extend social service on scientific lines so that the psychological and physical needs of more and more people are met by more and more trained workers. These social workers will use their trained knowledge, public apparatus, schools of self-help and economic rehabilitation, and bracing home visits and advice. In these exhibits the question of why all this is needed for so many people is not clearly asked, and not answered. The whole sociology exhibit resembles some monthly magazine of the "quality" and socially minded group, except that it doesn't play with the more radical cures.

It is rather carefully estimated that the Mayan Temple received 4,210,400 visitors; the Lama Temple, 1,698,000; the Hall of Religion, 3,000,000; the Christian Science Monitor Building, 650,000; and the St. Paul Chapel Car of the Catholic Extension Society, somewhat fewer. Fifteen millions visited the Hall of Science. The Fair was distinctly secular. In the pre-depression plans it was assumed that this would not be so. The churches of the country were asked to participate to as great an extent as they would. As it is, the two pagan temples are not considered religious

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units; only the small Hall of Religion and the Monitor Building and the Chapel Car were put in the Exposition by the churches.

In reference to the general, stated aims of the Century of Progress Exposition, this radical secular character of the result prompts vague and obvious questions and answers in a Christian. Great efforts were made by the Exposition and by the exhibitors to present clearly the rôles of science, mechanics, industry, architecture, fine arts, sociology, and government in Chicago's, and the country's, and the world's, century of "progress," together with their most vital and prophetic elements today. The churches did not much enter into it.

Certainly going to the Fair was a rather secular activity. It was designed as an education and also an interesting pastime. Only a few, nearly all primary and secondary school students, used it consciously as a school. Many people learned much incidentally. It was almost impossible not to, while passing by fascinating automatically operated scientific experiments, resting in a planetarium or an auditorium where a popular scientific lecture or movie was in progress, while viewing innumerable processes and products and innumerable pictures of others, while watching the methods of manufacture and distribution of commodities from toothpaste to automobiles, and while viewing demonstrations of business methodology by which toy balloons are sold and wars declared.

But most of all, the Fair was an enormous show. Largest crowds came in circus weather when it was hot and when Coca-Cola, pop and beer tasted best. It was a most fatiguing place, and people were most grateful for soothing buildings and exhibits—or for the opposite: spectacular, tricky and dumbfounding. These, and ordinary diversions such as the Streets of Paris, the Midway, the Blue Ribbon Casino, made a pleasant day, or afternoon, or evening. It would be foolish to take the Fair too seriously and to think that it really fulfilled the universal mission that was plotted for it five years ago. Indeed, its most disturbing characteristic was its failure to fit very well into any category: museum, boardwalk, college, night club, or industrial exposition. The most disappointed visitors expected it to be one of them, and almost everyone felt that it was too dispersive in character, that it too much lacked any unifying character at all. It is most interesting to think of it as a contemporary work of art in the big but not grand manner, brought up remarkably from under the waters, and displaying itself, and in many ways, its authors, observers and background.

A WALK WITH KENTUCKY JANUARY

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

THOSE huddled hills of northern Kentucky, just across the river from Cincinnati, once the bottom of a very old ocean bed, hold something more interesting and surely more accessible today than they did before the waters receded millions of years ago.

No ocean with its varying depths teeming with marine life can approach the beauty of these hills after being treated by Nature's soft magnetic touch under frosty fingers of a January sky. As I saw it under a winter morning's sun, the earth wore a network of millions of jewels, so rich, so exquisite, so brilliant that the splendor of it all almost lulled the observer into a sleep. Every green sprig of blue-grass, every green rosette of the wild flowers that are to be, every old mummied stalk of teazel, every chicory, goldenrod and wild aster rose up gaily gowned in a garment loaded with ephemeral diamonds fit for the most fashionable stage in the universe.

Down in the many V-shaped ravines formed by the union of the grassy roofs of Kentucky knolls, a clear stream ran unmurmuringly, reflecting the jeweled garments of the trees above it. There were tree-crowns, blackberry brambles, old bedrabbled fields, fences, telegraph wires, wild grape vines, rocks, and every other creation exposed to the weather, wearing the same sort of ornamented clothing. When the sun flashed fearlessly if not furiously down on it all, the thinness of the veil made it more delicate and more precious. Here was a wonder so marvelous that it electrified the human heart. All who beheld it could not fail to be touched by something too magnificent to describe.

But Nature with a broad kerchief woven of January sunbeams soon mopped her furrowed brow, and lifted the veil from these wrinkled hills. The blue-grass was left growing green, the trees were bare, the meadows were brown and dry again and rattled in each mild wind-wave; the birds recognized their old haunts as of old. All things were once more in their usual January garb.

In the morning this part of Kentucky looked too holy to tread; but in the afternoon, following the lifting of the filmy veil, I with a companion whose innocence and beauty fit as perfectly into the Creator's great scheme of natural beauty and usefulness, took to the trail to explore this part of the earth with hungry hearts and eager eyes.

There were dandelions in full bloom whose yel-

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low heads had been grey in the morning, but they had laughed until they shook the silver crystals off; there were the polyphemus cocoons, each one with its usual single dry brown leaf pasted on its side, hanging where it might be hit by raindrops as well as by sunbeams. Most conspicuous of all were the dark bags left by the ingenious bagworms in late summer, when the males had slipped out of their bags or overalls with wings, and met the wingless females as each one dangled from her own tough camouflaged smock, long enough to embrace each other. Then the female caterpillar crawled back into her unique smock where she perished and left her body filled with hundreds of eggs to perpetuate her race. The twigs and bits of leaves pasted about the bagworm's smock were a perfect example of camouflage and its usefulness.

The very few people who are acquainted with the bagworm, know of its habits of pasting bits of foliage, especially of cedars and arbor vitae, over its silken bag, but in the hills of northern Kentucky are bags that are more beautiful because they are made by sticking about over their smocks the full-grown tiny leaves of black locust, the coffee tree or some other kind of foliage so perfectly that they might be mistaken for cones of some sort. These seem as much a part of the trees as the buds do. But lo, when the human eyes scan the small twigs where the bags are tied so skillfully with silk by a caterpillar who has six hands instead of two, there is revealed every few inches on the same twig, places where the occupant has often tied the bag, reared back in the comfortable device and after devouring the tasty foliage within reach, cut the silken cord that held the bag to the limb as neatly as if he had used a pair of scissors; he then left the bandage still on the twig, while he moved into fresh foliage, retied the bag and feasted again. As the twig grows larger, the bandages left by the bagworms become tighter and tighter beneath the bark. How easy it is to conceive of a host of tiny heads, each one protruding from its own individual silken bag or smock in summertime, and how quickly each one drops into the bag and draws the silken flap over its head for a roof when a shower of rain comes splashing down upon it.

My comrade and I had to laugh aloud when we saw one of these pretty bags hanging to a telephone wire sixty feet from the street and forty feet from the house into which the wire led. Had the bagworm mistaken the long lifeless wire for a wild grape vine? After hours of weary walking seeking vainly for twigs that should be growing out of vines, had she given up in despair? Without the dense twigs, the bagworm instinctively knows that her treasure with contents of precious eggs will be exposed to the keen eyes and sharp claws of the squirrel and to the eyes and beaks of the larger insectivorous birds. But she anchored hers to this wire and there it hangs, a conspicuous thing to observe on a clear day in January. It is easy to imagine the bagworm, tired and weary, soliloquizing, "Why not take a chance here anyway?" Never before have I seen a bagworm's outworn garment in such a situation.

There were so many bagworms, or last year's caterpillar smocks, hanging to the trees everywhere, that as we walked it was quite difficult to dismiss them from our mind, so as to make room for thoughts of other creations of Nature in January as she displays them prominently about the knolls and hills of northern Kentucky.

All about our feet where the native beds of stones were exposed, left bare by heavy showers or by the pecking of the workman's pick, there blazed before our eyes a brilliant history, a true story written by extinct marine life in the fossils all about us. There was no guess work, for they told a tale more easily read than are the ancient hieroglyphics made by man. Here my comrade and I were treading the very bed of fossils that gave to the world one of its greatest geologists. Here the spirit of Nathaniel S. Shaler, who left us better and more comprehensive volumes of our country's geology, joined us on our tramp that Sunday afternoon. Here the male cardinal's dress never seemed to blaze quite as red a flame, here the chicadee's voice seemed to lose its plaintive tone.

The outdoor world never recognizes anything except youth. It stretches barriers on every hand that halt the lover of nature at the youthful age, and although he may remain there under Nature's ennobling influence for a century, yet he never grows old! He may even continue to believe in fairies; he will observe that Nature sets the example in all the devices that man has created and is yet to create, and call his own.

There on the crest of the hills, with a stream ticking gently as a trusted timepiece far down in the glen, my comrade and I ran onto hosts of brownish pods of sand vines lying stretched over the heads and shoulders of shrubbery plants. Here Nature grasped us with a firm hand and in a moment's time, as an astute magician, proved that we, too, were children again! One by one we opened the dry pods, each one holding a bundle of perfect parachutes, packed as if they had been arranged by the most skilful hands. One by one we released these natural wonders, which floated gently away. Each one bore a single passenger who was possessed of that remarkable and mysterious something that for a better name we call life. That brown seed-passenger was perfectly fitted to a perfect parachute of the sand vine that the plant's race might have life throughout all time. Over and over we observed the filmy device demonstrating how perfectly the product of the Master Mind performed, all for a single purpose, on the green January hills in northern Kentucky!

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LEISURE AND CULTURE

By ANDREW CORRY

THE BRILLIANT material achievements of our contemporary civilization have not been dazzling enough to blind observers to what they term its spiritual defects. It is unnecessary to repeat their charges against popular culture; on the other hand, in order to give some definite idea of the defects, it is useful to quote the summary of our life and times which Professor Harold Laski, the well-known Liberal, wrote a little more than a year ago. He says:

> The general temper of the world is one of profound and widespread disillusionment. Our generation seems to have lost its scheme of values. Certainty has been replaced by cynicism; hope has given room to despair. . . . About the whole character of our desires there is a temper of feverish haste, a recklessness, a want of calm, which suggests an ignorance of the things to be sought in life. The spirit which denies has triumphed over the spirit which affirms.

This passage may be memorable for the sense of gloomy unhappiness pervading it, but it can be matched if not exceeded in its somber colors by a score of authors from the principal lands where western culture makes its spiritual home. The most conspicuous single fact about the new machinery is, that it has signally and tragically failed to add to the sum of spiritual content. Now it is proposed to remedy these defects by recourse to a rather simple expedient. They have risen, it is argued, out of a few conditions which can be readily altered. The first of these is a faulty appreciation of the satisfactions of a liberal culture; the second is a lack of time in which to secure these satisfactions. Leisure is the remedy proposed for effecting the needed changes: leisure, that is to say, which is safeguarded by an adequate education toward its right use.

This proposal is not absolutely fire-new from the mint of sociology. A few years ago, while toil was receiving the full approval of those who guided public opinion, the Earl Russel uttered the following unconventional and corrective statement:

> The important thing about work is that it affords leisure for play; if it does not do this, it is not fulfilling its social purpose.

Regarding play, Mr. Stuart Chase wrote:

> The great majority of my fellow citizens have had no opportunity to discover the joy, the beauty and the cheapness of genuine play.

Nevertheless, the proposal might have remained within the thick covers of textbooks for many years to come, had not the industrial system broken down. Owing chiefly to this, leisure has been brought forward to restore industrial and economic stability. Prepared by their earlier studies in the uses of leisure, sociologists are quickly acclaiming it as a cultural opportunity which has not been equaled.

"For the first time since the Stone Age," one of them declared in a paper treating on the great change, "the plain man is to have ample leisure." Unless "plain man" and "ample" are meant to bear some recondite meaning, the statement does much less than justice to the facts of social history previous to the industrial revolution. I cite the opinion not on account of its historical novelty, however, but rather on account of its confident glance toward the future. Leisure is plainly expected to renew the face of the earth.

The notion that culture is a product of the leisure hours is not unfamiliar to most of us. How often has the business man echoed the sociologist to this effect, telling us that when he has educated and launched his children properly in life, and provided also for the old age of himself and his wife, he will retire and acquire the culture which he has been too busy to get during the long productive years. In the evening of his life he will read Shakespeare and Dante and decant his crusted port and crusted Horace. He will dabble with the fine arts. In a few crowded years he will store up the experiences of a life's living, against the coming night, perchance of Catullus:

> . . . cum semel occidit brevis lux,
> *nox* est perpetua una dormienda.

Having seen all the places of renown, viewed manners and men in the mellow perspectives of the years, he will wait for death to blow out his attenuated and exquisite flame.

I cannot deny that this is a kind of cultivation, even a kind of culture. It is a culture which is stuck on the end of a life like the mere ornament, the decoration, the embellishment, that it is. I cannot wonder that it seems too meager to attract the robust until their physical and mental powers are approaching decay. I cannot believe that it has sufficient vitality to command the attention of vigorous people in their new freedom. Culture must be something more humane than antiquarian erudition. It is the savour of the whole banquet, not the savoury at its end. If it is not the spiritual expression of the whole life as that is lived from day to day, culture can never become vital.

It is perhaps the perception of that vital quality of the western European culture which pulls

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Americans to the Old World for a last look, much as Jerusalem and Rome pulled the medieval European. There, since the Renaissance, the culture of the nations has flowed in two perennially fresh streams. In the cities and among the polished there is the stream which we might call the aristocratic tradition of culture. Originally flowing from the courts, it spread, with courtiers and men of affairs in each department of Church and State, into the far corners of the land. Leisure in this tradition was occupied with the polite accomplishments of the age: derived often enough from other lands inasmuch as it is cosmopolitan in outlook, but somehow transmuted by the national character and taken into its very substance. We can read of the general practise of madrigal-singing and sonnet-making in an earlier age, of the practise of other fine arts, of the sports and games, of the dramatic entertainments, of the loving studies of nature out-of-doors or in the privacy of a room: today even these amenities, supplemented by the equipment which former times did without, are known and enjoyed and are vital. In a university town the aristocratic stream of culture mingles with a popular stream of the folk-culture flowing from the villages and their people.

No one can, I think, rightly and fully know the joy of leisure in the country until he has lived for a while in a village of England. Instead of the madrigal there are catches and rounds and folk-ballads; for the sonnet, there is the ballad. For the fine arts, there are weaving and pottery-making. For masques, there are village pageants and plays. Instead of the saloon there are the convivial gatherings in the tap-room of the village pub, with its dart-board, its shove-ha'penny, and its skittles. The study of nature crowds upon one from the banks of every stream and from the rocky shelves of every quarry or the hedge-rows. A county-town may boast its local museum of antiquities; but every village church can all but equal this. There is an excitement that we do not commonly know here, in reading the history of a nation as well as a parish in the brasses of a chancel-floor and the monuments of a churchyard. In a university town these twin streams commingle, so that every stone speaks of learning and bravery from the past to the present. Leisure is not a release from these influences but an intensification of them in the pastimes of the people. The national culture, a reflection of varying delicacy and piquancy of the common western heritage and way of life, is the common concern of each one. It is the Frenchness of a Frenchman, the Englishness of an Englishman; no less, it must be the Americanness of an American.

Having a view to that aspect of culture, some have proposed that American culture is to be modeled on the appliances of new machinery. The automobile, the airplane, the radio and the cinema have forever carried us, they say, from the twin streams of the western European culture. Machinery has accomplished all that politics had failed to accomplish: the leveling up and leveling down of the differences characteristic of the Old World. Leisure here will be mechanized; and the old culture must give room to a new. Natural science is to be the sole honored element from the old life.

The new leisure then, rather than resolving for us the crisis of culture, actually advances it into a decisive phase. If it successfully restores the industrial system, then the possibility of creating a humane culture resembling the older village pattern of culture familiar in western Europe is greatly diminished. That might flourish in an agrarian state where hand- and small-factory industries are practised, but it would hardly flourish in the conditions of modern mass-production, specialization, and mechanized entertainment. The restored industrial system brings back a larger opportunity for the synthetic travelers' culture of the last few decades; or again, it raises the possibility of devising some cosmopolitan culture resembling the humane aristocratic tradition. Finally, it is most favorable to a new pattern of popular culture involving the use of machines uncontrolled except by those who profit from their manufacture. Leisure itself gives these social choices an aspect of immediacy; but leisure joined to the working-time of our people will fix, for the near future at least, the character of our national culture.

Term's End

Now comes the tide of many a feast
Whose echoes long shall linger,
But chief are the Moot of the Questing Beast
And the Fitte of the Pointing Finger!

Now parfit knights fain turn to prayer
And stalwart champions tremble
As, gaunt and grim, with solemn air
Gowned Paladins assemble.

Within the Hold of Truth and Tort
Portentous words are spoken:
There, seed is sown of woeful port—
And coaches' hearts are broken!

Then well for wights who lowly bow
In tribute to the sages;
But woe betide the low of brow
Who scorn the hornbook's pages!

So busk ye, busk ye, most and least!
Prick on—no more malinger!
Beware the Moot of the Questing Beast
And the Fitte of the Pointing Finger!

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.

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THE NEGRO'S NEW DEAL

By JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI

If there is one thing about social justice on which all should agree, it is that those persons in the greatest degree necessitous, should be taken care of first. On this solid foundation, the whole social and political structure depends; neglect it and desperation and hatred will reap a bitter, destructive harvest. Apparently the Negro in the United States has been one of the privates in the ranks of modern industrialism whose means of livelihood has been most depressed. The present article deals with his situation.—The Editors.

NOW THAT the benefits of the National Recovery Act become every week more apparent, the government's plea for public patience last summer can be appraised as just and wise. Actually patience was an essential to the success of the blue eagle campaign. For it was almost at once obvious that many, in conformity with the President's blanket code, would have to sacrifice, through increasing wages and shortening hours, even the slimmest of profits. But these cheerfully sacrificed in rightful expectation of what enlarged and exercised buying power would mean for them. There were some, naturally, who either lacked the ability to trust the NRA or demanded an immediate offset of the temporary losses incurred through operation of the President's plan. In certain sections protests were frequently made simply because the NRA was regarded at the time in its narrow and not in its broad aspects. Thus transient hardships were appraised as permanent evils when they were really natural first results or unforeseen complications incident to a campaign of such gigantic scope.

In the South, observers quickly noted this attitude in relation to the Negro and what the NRA would mean to him. Many Negroes and their more articulately vociferous friends denounced the new deal as no deal at all for them. These rumblings were first heard when the industrial codes were being formulated in Washington. They were provoked by the discussion over the question of wage differentials to obtain between the South and the North. They rose in volume when the minimum wages of the blanket codes were being attacked in certain cities in the South. And they came to a peak when employers began to discriminate against the race. Even as recently as December 10, James Welden Johnson, Negro writer and professor at Fiske University, in a New York City address declared the Negro's plight under the NRA was worse than before.

Dr. Johnson, in describing the Negro problem in this country as "one of constantly shifting intricacies," raised contentions in which honest and fair-minded Southerners recognize many elements of truth. The depression weighed more heavily perhaps on the Southern Negro than on any other class of worker in the country. For the Negro is a newcomer in the industrial field and since he was in ordinary course the most recently added to the payrolls he was the first to go. It is estimated that 90 percent of Negroes are unskilled workers and, with the introduction of new machinery or in slack periods, they are crowded out by the skilled worker. To this must be added the attitude of labor unions, fellow workers and a good percentage of employers who, purely because of unjust racial discrimination, join in a concerted effort to keep the Negro worker at the disagreeable and unskilled work. Lastly the Negro is largely engaged in seasonal occupations.

These are pre-NRA conditions. But doubts that the NRA would benefit the Negro were immediately heard. They were reinforced when initial questioning of the obligatory application of the minimum wage provisions to both whites and Negroes was raised in the South. Where work was actually being done under government jurisdiction, the administration promptly stepped in and unequivocally settled the issue. "All labor—white, black, or brown—is going to get $.40 an hour and a thirty-hour week. That is final. There will be no exception." This was the statement made by Colonel H. N. Waite, Deputy Administrator of Public Works, to the advisory board of five Southern states in Atlanta last September. Nor was the discrimination allowed to stand in any code approved by Washington. Yet, as is well known, the proof of the codes' effectiveness lies in their operation and there were numerous evidences that employers in certain cases were circumventing this plainly announced administration policy.

It has been indicated that Negro workers have been relegated to positions which either because of the work's onerousness or its slimness of recompense, the white man does not want. But when the minimum wage became a reality, many of these positions were lifted to a point where their remuneration became sufficiently attractive to make them desired by a long-unemployed class of white man. One need not elaborate the complex mental reactions which resulted in a preferential meeting of this situation. The results to the Negro worker were unquestionably deplorable. It was only natural that there should be in his ranks agitation against a plan which professedly sought to benefit him but which was actually depriving him of the very little he had. The Communists recognized this discontent's possibility for exploitation and at-

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tempted to stir the race to impatient action. There are instances where the employer, in a counter-movement, showed even more impatience. A dispatch, by Julian Harris, from Atlanta cited what was doubtless a more extreme incident. It quoted a letter, addressed by a manufacturing company "to all colored employees" and enclosed in the Negro workers' pay envelopes, which warned them to "stop your 'friends from talking you out of your job.'" The company's position was rationalized:

> If the "false friends" of the colored people do not stop their propaganda about paying the same wages to colored and white employees this company will be forced to move the factory to a section where the minimum wage will produce the greatest production. . . . Our records show that the efficiency of colored help is only 50 percent of that of white help in similar plants in the North and the manufacturing company has lost a quarter million dollars in finding that out.

Mr. Harris pointed out that, although the Negro employees of this company received from $2.40 to $5.20 for a forty-hour week, the company displayed the blue eagle. Plainly this was a case for local NRA compliance boards, and there is ample evidence that these are proceeding, even if at a pace which seems snail-like to the impatient, to correct this and similar violations of both the letter and spirit of the code.

Meanwhile the displacement of Negroes by white workers was steadily, if quietly, being effected in various cities and towns. The Negro's case was and is a simple one of social justice. Yet an appeal to a material argument is easily forthcoming. For we cannot pauperize 12,000,000 people, no matter of what race, without affecting the entire economic structure of the nation. This principle has been repeatedly recognized in his public statements by President Roosevelt. Again one of the main objectives of the blue eagle campaign was to put money into the hands of those who would, through buying, return it into immediate circulation. Both because of poverty and habit, which at its worst may be classed as improvident and at its best as care-free, the Southern Negro is a quick and free spender. He is the antithesis of the hoarder, and no more enthusiastic follower of the "Buy Now" movement can be found. The employer who sees a Negro, profiting through increased wages, emerge from a store with a new suit, shoes, hat and white clothes, is short-sighted indeed if he does not know that he is at least indirectly benefited by that same Negro.

The Negro is unfortunately not organized to fight concentratedly against injustice. There are few to befriend him. The Communist is really and truly a "false friend"; obviously so, for he is interested solely in making a class a cat's-paw. He actually does the Negro a disservice, for Southern philosophy is violently antipathetic to Communism and all its works, and any Communistic inroads among the Negroes rightly or wrongly add to an unreasonable prejudice. The solution must lie almost entirely in the application by the Southerners of those principles of social justice which the President has enumerated time and again. There are occasions, notably during the discussion of the wage differential between white and Negro laborers, when many honest and fair-minded Southerners were inclined to follow a course which admittedly was not dictated by justice but by seemingly practical wisdom. Impatience and opportunistic logic should be discarded when there is need for conference and careful examination. The South moves slowly even today when the tempo is more rapid than it has been for many decades. But fundamentally the South seeks to be both just and realistic. The leading newspapers, with few exceptions, have taken up the case for the Negro and have urged that all treat him as fairly as possible during the period of readjusted wages and working conditions. It may take time, more time than one would like to think, to have the force of these opinions reach its maximum of effectiveness. But it is distinctly encouraging to note that this force has been brought to bear on the situation. It is more encouraging when the administration is noted in the lead both through its advocacy of correct principles and in their practical application.

Certain definite results have been apparent within the past several months. Thus in Norfolk, Virginia, employers, who had already acceded cheerfully to the minimum wage provision without distinction as to race, have pledged themselves at least to keep the percentage of Negro to white laborers at the pre-NRA figure. There are many others throughout the South who are adopting the same course without any formal commitment to it. Again, with the lessening of unemployment through the various recovery agents of the government, the pressure of whites seeking positions held heretofore almost exclusively by Negroes is being relaxed. The Negro himself is beginning to find that the positions available to him are becoming more numerous through shorter working hours.

There are many projects, which have been promoted by the Public Works Administration, now under way in the South. The P.W.A., too, has taken over from the War Department the flood control work along the Mississippi. Following investigation of conditions along the levees, particularly in the lower valley, the administration has moved to correct abuses which have been extremely flagrant. In past years some employers, working under government contract, have paid their laborers, almost exclusively Negroes, $1.25 a day. This was reduced to an actual wage of approximately $.60 after "charges" for ice water, tent rent, etc., had been deducted. Two shifts were

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employed for a twenty-four-hour day. Certain of these grossly unfair conditions may yet prevail in scattered sections. But the government, through a bureau of the Interior Department under Clark Forman, is quietly assembling information to determine the true status both of the flood control work and all government work in the South. With this information thoroughly collated, new rulings can be expected from Washington and, where necessary, offending employers will be brought into line or deprived of their contracts.

The Negro "share-cropper" farmer did not immediately benefit by the operation of the Agricultural Administration Act. For that matter, neither did the white cotton farmer. But the latter, originally somewhat doubtful about the success of the government's acreage reduction plan, is now enthusiastic about that same plan as it has been plotted for 1934 and 1935. For next year he will not have to plow up cotton; he simply will not plant the extra acreage. Instead, a yield basis for the last five years will be determined, and he will be paid from $3 to $11 per acre for land left idle. Under the acreage reduction plan for 1933, it is estimated that approximately $40,000,000 was distributed throughout the Memphis-Mississippi delta section alone. The cotton farmer today has paid off at least his more pressing debts, has provided for his immediate needs, and market conditions now reflect his determination to withhold his product until he can get a satisfactory price. The South, which has now thoroughly determined to let Washington handle the situation and await the result in good faith, shows signs of being well on the way to a new prosperity.

But how does this affect the Negro? There are unquestionably individual cases where the Negro "share-cropper" will suffer. Curtailment of acreages does mean a lessening of work in the fields. But this would be considering the Agricultural Adjustment Act in its narrowest workings. It must be remembered that the South today is essentially cotton-producing and that its entire economic life is directly and indirectly dependent on cotton-marketing. Merchants, lawyers, doctors, everyone suffers with the cotton farmer when his crop fails or when he is confronted with a disastrously depreciated price. If the administration succeeds in bringing the commodity up to the price level of its avowed intention, the entire South will feel the benefits. The Negro is an integral part of the economic structure of the South and as such will likewise profit tomorrow if not today.

Mr. Johnson declared that the traditional marginal position of the Negro in industry has been narrowed through operation of the NRA. This is true, yet at the same time it can be pointed out that in the vastness of the plan immediate or perfect justice could not be obtained at once. Predictions are unwise, but in the smoothing out processes now under way in the NRA it is logical to conclude that the Negro's position in industry will be restored to its former status. There are forces now at work in the South which are directed to improve that status and certain leaders among the Negroes are cooperating with intelligent suggestions. Prime among these is a program of education. This includes adequate high school and college training to help youths to plan their careers, and to provide for preparation in skilled and technical trades. These leaders, too, urge that their people lend support and encouragement to all interracial enterprises and point out the advantages gained in certain sections where the country Negroes and white men are pooling their capital and Negroes are given the opportunity of managing and working in such businesses. Both Negroes and whites are advised to support a program of putting Negro workers in businesses owned by white capital but serving a predominant Negro clientele. Interracial committees and influential leaders of both races are urged to discourage prejudice and propaganda in regard to employment and frown on the practise of closing positions to Negroes solely because they are not at present nor have been previously employed in these fields. In the *Carolina Times,* James T. Taylor, a Negro writer, also advocates the patronage by Negroes of those enterprises that give his people employment and a campaign to change the present policy of the labor union toward the Negro worker.

Obviously there are many difficulties in the way of the realization of such a program. But if they are faced with intelligence and vigor, an advance has begun. The South at first slowly, but now more and more rapidly, recognizes the interdependence of one section of the country on the other, of one class on another. It has become increasingly more impossible for those states, where the Negro population is so large, to disregard both the social injustice which has too often been the Negro's lot and the economic evils which result from his abject poverty. How far this realization will lead to a practical, wise and just solution of his many problems remains to be seen. The South assuredly in the next few years will be an intensively interesting proving ground. And, actuated by the administration's principles, it has a golden and unique opportunity to put them into practise.

Winter: Afternoon

All the world seems dead,
And I alone alive,
Walking silently across the muffled ground,
Slowly, with head bent low,
Half-afraid that I shall see,
If once I turn around,
No footprints in the snow.

VIRGINIA GERHARD.

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LETTER TO ONE JOBLESS

By PAUL BUSSARD

WHILE reading your letter I kept thinking of a battered bucket, which, plunged into the black well of despair, is drawn by a rope to the sunshine, dripping the acrid slime of that awful cistern. I cannot blame you for disappointment and discouragement, but I regret most to find that your misfortune has likewise filled your heart with hatred.

Your sudden and undeserved poverty has prompted you to despise the affluence of others; or rather, since that cannot be effectually despised, it has led you to hate the persons who still possess a portion of the world's goods. This is a mental endeavor to compensate. I mean that you attempt to balance unevenness by casting your hatred upon the scales. By it the scales are balanced because hatred is heavier than any ponderable. But the procedure does not make your life the lighter: the more hatred you cast in the scales the more you must shoulder yourself.

If you look at the business in another instance you can easily perceive the weakness of its apparent strength. One of the usual traits of the mediocre artist is his contempt of the common crowd. That contempt is only the ineffectual expression of his desire to place himself above the crowd. A real artist does not despise those who know less than he, although he may properly despise those who pretend to know as much. Neither does a truly educated man look down upon those who have not bothered themselves with cramming facts in their heads, or who have heads impenetrable to facts; while persons of little learning often go through such performances without realizing that it is an attempt to raise their own position by lowering that of others.

Your hatred comes from a similar motive. True, your motive is not as putrid as that of the mediocre artist nor as stupid as that of the man of little learning, but it is of the same stripe. And it has put the sun out of your life.

I can think of nothing which requires more strength than that which will bring back the sun. If you picture the worst possible set of circumstances into which you might be placed, and determine to be strong enough to live in them without losing your sense of humor, you have the strength. Then, should you by chance be delivered from the worst possible contingency and be given over to one but slightly better, you will always have cause for self-congratulation.

God has guaranteed happiness in the next world, but no guarantee goes with the present life. We say, "I expect the resurrection of the dead and life everlasting," while others are blind to every hope but "the end of depression and happiness here." If life is like that, cheap and unguaranteed, one is not reasonable who expects a million-dollar performance from a ten-dollar product.

Writing this, I am properly ashamed, because I am placing myself among those you formerly hated. And even though your hatred was wrong, I admit I deserved it. For I am not Catholic enough to give away what I have in order to place myself among respectable people. Please be sorry for, not angry with, everyone who is not rich enough in character to become poor. But be more sorry for, and never angry with, those greedy persons in high places who have caused this suffering, who have brought it about that the mouths of babes and sucklings are opened in vain for food. Their greed is the greater misfortune, and they deserve your pity because it may very well be that they will look in vain for the resurrection of the body and life everlasting.

Epiphany

Those who live in country places
Are not used to foreign faces.

Even of a pedlar selling
Some are frightened beyond telling

Dust is dust in any village,
Even sooner than death's tillage.

And with rank there is a dryness,
Or an awkwardness, a shyness.

I, who am a paddocks-woman,
Think it would have been but human,

Though within her, poor, rough-fingered,
Some of David's blood still lingered,

And though shepherds, each a stranger,
Had knelt by that borrowed manger,

If the young and timid Mary
Of the three Kings had been chary,

Hung her head and blushed and stammered
While with fear her pulses hammered

At their queer, grave sounds confiding
Some wild tale of a star riding.

To her in the huge earth's pattern,
East from west was far as Saturn.

And what other Jewish maiden,
Turning with her first-born laden,

Could confront with candid graces
Those proud-lidded Gentile faces?

Who has had within her doorway,
On one knee upon its floorway,

With his great wings slanted even,
An archangel hot from heaven,

Telling her God's will upon her
Will make flesh His son within her,

Lets no earthly king abash her,
King of Europe, King of Asia!

EILEEN DUGGAN.

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PURSUIT OF PAIN

By HENRY FRANK

IT WAS that time of night when the frogs are the loudest. The moon was aimlessly drifting in a sky which seemed somewhat overcrowded with stars. Its light flowed down like liquid upon the land where men slept, weary with the burden of the day and the heats; it filtered through the branches of the one willow with quivering leafage that stirred beside the stream; and it turned the water of the stream into something like silver.

Since men were asleep, one could hear only the queer sounds of the creatures of the night and the mumblings of the stream as it stumbled over the slippery rocks.

Underneath this willow, which appeared with its hanging branches like the head of a woman with hair flowing all around, sat Fervidus and Brother Tepidus. They were surrounded by shadows except when patches of white moonlight passed over them as the occasional night winds moved the willow. Their seat was the roots of the willow which stretched out of the damp ground, the brown and gnarled hands of old men.

When Brother Tepidus spoke he said:

" 'In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.' "

With these words, somehow, with a simple movement of the eyes, the mumbling stream became the sea. Fervidus heard the breakers pounding and casting their spume on the shores of a far country, he saw Dido, with a willow in her hand, standing with Anna under the moon, and the Trojan ships rising and sinking on the waves. But a wandering breeze stirred the leaves of the willow and they made a sound like sighing. The women and the ships vanished and the stream took up its mumbling. Now he saw a people in exile weeping tears in such a place as this, and he made answer to Brother Tepidus thus:

" 'By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea,
we wept,
When we remembered Sion.
We hanged our harps
Upon the willows in the midst thereof.
For there they that carried us away captive required
of us a song.' "

At some length he told the meaning of the words to Brother Tepidus. Then they thought and talked long about the wonders of a fairer Sion; and neither could they remember the words of songs.

Now along the path that followed the stream moved the figure of a man approaching the willow without haste. In his hand he carried a white, peeled stick with which he beat the bowing heads of the grasses at every second step. When he came to the willow he stopped with his stick raised in mid-air as though he had felt the presence of someone, even as men hesitate in an action when they think they hear their name called. He turned and peered into the shadows under the willow.

"Is there a man sitting there?" he said, and his voice sounded as though lately he had laughed overmuch.

"Who can call himself a man?" Brother Tepidus wanted to ask, but he did not.

So Fervidus answered: "May I wish you good evening, friend, and assure you there is no cause to be afraid?"

The man lowered his peeled stick, planted it into the soft ground before him, and stood leaning on it as though his body might be weary with much walking.

"I am afraid of nothing," he said. "What are you doing here sitting under the willows? Why don't you sit in the moonlight?"

"I love the moonlight, but not to sit in," Fervidus made answer. "I choose the shadows. They seem more soothing to the mind; nor do I hold with the ancients that *luna* makes lunatics. Yet I have known some men to lose their wits because of the moon, or for less cause."

At this the man moved a shoulder and asked again: "What are you doing here under the willows?"

"Wasting the night in the pursuit of adequate answers to obvious questions. And thinking," Fervidus said.

To this the man was silent as though he had either not heard or had lost interest in the answer.

"I trust," Fervidus continued, "that you will not consider it too odd, but the sound of the waters and the willow's sighing made me think of the sorrows of a race of old time. And of Sion."

"Do you believe in sin?" said the man, and even a dull ear might have detected tones of contempt in his voice.

"The wind, doubtless, twisted my words. I said not sin but Sion."

"No matter," said the man moving both shoulders, "I'll not quibble over an 'o.' Do you believe in sin?"

Now Fervidus noticed that there was little curiosity in the man's question, but he answered none the less: "Men, I have been told, and I have made the report certain by more than occasional observation, are born with this belief as they are with the taste for sweet and sour. And it is said with some truth, I think, that both are lost by a too plentiful indulgence. I find also, that, contrary to the light opinions of some, far from putting shackles on men's minds, this belief in sin gives one an unlimited freedom on a road that is becoming none too crowded these days. It has been well written, often said, and it appears truth to me that there are two great realities, sin and its opposite. And of the two the opposite is the greater, for where sin is the other does more abound. Now your opinion is by no means to be puzzled at when compared with that of not a few men in these times, but do I err much in thinking that there was a time when you thought differently about this matter? When you were a child, perhaps?"

The man spat over his shoulder into the water. "I used to believe in fairies and ghosts."

"We do pay a certain penalty for our maturity. It is curious how a woman breaks the commandments about the same time as she breaks the heads of her dolls, and a man when he breaks the habit of neglecting the places

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behind the ears in the washing. But tell me, what brings you along this path? Do you, too, enjoy the moonlight and the sound of waters flowing, and the mystery of the night? Or, it might be that you are searching for something lost? I know of one who found a little child along here and who began to give credit to the belief in fairies and ghosts once more. A great many things can be found in these parts."

"Walking," the man said.

"And the moonlight?"

The man made no answer.

"Then the sound of flowing waters?"

Neither did the man say anything.

After the manner of Abraham putting questions to the angel, Fervidus asked once more: "But the mystery in the night? There is a certain mystery?"

The man only shifted his left foot and said nothing.

"I am cold," whispered Brother Tepidus at this point. "The night air from the waters."

"What can a man see, then, along this path if there is no sin and no mystery?"

"Nothing," said the man and he pulled his stick from the ground. His answer recalled to the mind of Fervidus the strange dusky bird over the bust of Pallas, the fowl of one word. Without anyone's saying anything the man threw his stick into the stream and walked with haste down the path where the stream entered a valley. There he disappeared, swallowed entirely by the waves of mist.

Fervidus and Brother Tepidus turned their attention to the fireflies weaving in and out among the sedges. Besides the frogs, they also heard a frightened whippoorwill call from the mists somewhere in the valley where the man had entered.

When it began to appear as though Fervidus would not say anything, he spoke and said: "Now there has gone a man not unlike one who, while in health, went about among the lepers and one day found that he could feel no pain. That man down there in the mists—it is a pitiable thing that he cannot sin and be afraid."

"Yes, it is not a pleasant matter to be unable to suffer," Brother Tepidus said.

And after that they were silent and remained still.

Six Nuns in the Snow

Beautifully, now, they walk among these new
petals the snow shook down—
identical figures, going two by two,
each in a black gown.

With what a placid tread, what definite,
calm impulse each proceeds,
two by two, black on bewildering white,
swinging her long beads;

an absolute six, taking their candid way
undazzled by this whiteness,
who have grown used to walking without dismay
amid incredible brightness!

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY.

COMMUNICATIONS

CATHOLIC READING

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editor: Mr. Alan Rumford's plea for some serious reading in Catholic literature prompts me to suggest the following ten titles, or rather authors:

Hilaire Belloc, "Europe and the Faith": A vivid reinterpretation of well-known facts of European history.

G. K. Chesterton, "The Thing": A stimulating series of essays on the Church and its implications done in G. K. C.'s usual pyrotechnic style. That mythical monster that Shaw calls the Chesterbelloc belongs at the head of any list of this type.

Christopher Dawson, "The Making of Europe": Contains material for a dozen thrilling historical novels despite his sober treatment of the fate of culture between A. D. 400 and 1000.

D. B. Wyndham-Lewis, "François Villon": A complete account of the medieval poet-rogue and his times and civilization vitalized by sympathetic treatment.

Christopher Hollis, "Saint Ignatius": A modern interpretation of Loyola by an author who is more at ease in treating an uncanonized compatriot in his "Dr. Johnson."

Shane Leslie, "The Celt and the World": The history of the Irish frame of mind has rarely been so well told, though the book is somewhat marred by wartime passions.

Father Hugh Benson, "Richard Raynal, Solitary": A novel, but included in this list as it is one of the few books in English treating of Catholic mysticism. It has one of the most beautiful death-bed scenes in literature.

Waldemar Gurian, "Bolshevism": Recognized as an authoritative treatment of the Russian experiment by one who knew the old Russia as well.

Agnes Repplier, "Compromises": Her essays, like her historical studies, are adapted to the American scene, and have earned her a position comparable to the Chesterbelloc's in England.

Michael Williams, "The Shadow of the Pope": A survey of intolerance in the United States that neither exaggerates nor minimizes the influence of this pitiful characteristic of the mob.

These are titles and authors of general interest, but before beginning a winter of serious reading, one should have similar lists in the fields of philosophy, theology, liturgy, church history and organization, and other parts of the heritage of a present-day Catholic.

WILLIAM HILL GREENE.

Springfield, Mass.

TO the Editor: In THE COMMONWEAL for December 15, Mr. Alan Rumford requests suggested readings for a Catholic seeking an adult, well-informed attitude toward the world he lives in. With the usual perversity attributed to the members of the female sex, I make bold to offer a list not modeled on Mr. Rumford's suggestion of importance first, but rather upon variety and a wide range of subjects. There are other books of

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outstanding importance which could very well be listed, but if Mr. Rumford seeks a well-rounded, "well-informed adult attitude toward the world he lives in," the following may be of interest to him:

Windle, "The Catholic Church and Its Reactions with Science";
McNabb, "The Catholic Church and Philosophy";
Belloc, "The Catholic Church and History";
Dawson, "The Age of the Gods";
Dawson, "Progress and Religion";
Dawson, "Enquiries into Religion and Culture";
Berdyaev, "The End of Our Time";
Pope Pius XI's encyclical, "Casti Connubii";
McDonald, "Psychological Foundations";
Stoddard, "Rebuilding a Lost Faith";
Pope Pius XI's encyclical, "Rerum Novarum";
Curtayne, "Recall to Dante";
Conway, "The Question Box";
Belloc, "Survivals and New Arrivals";
Sheen, "Moods and Truths";
Belloc, "Companion to H. G. Well's Outline of History";
Thibaud, "Dom Columba Marmion";
D'Arcy, "The Nature of Belief";
Scott, "Christ or Chaos";
A Kempis, "The Imitation of Christ";
Adam, "The Spirit of Catholicism."

Every one of the above books represents an adventure of the highest order, and I, for one, envy their reader the first acquaintance with them. Better still, they have been selected with an eye to creating a desire and an interest in further reading on these subjects.

I assume from Mr. Rumford's statements that he is a constant reader of THE COMMONWEAL, hence he undoubtedly saw the excellent list of books given in your pages some few months ago and contributed by A. McDonald of San Francisco.

BOOKWORM.

JOHN SHAKESPEARE'S WILL

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor: To establish the will of John Shakespeare as Clara Longworth de Chambrun seems to do in the December 15 issue of THE COMMONWEAL would allow us to surmise much as to the Catholic influence upon the great English poet William his son. One would be justified to accept the idea that during the most formative and impressive part of his life Shakespeare, the somewhat mysterious dramatist (I myself believe he has become mysterious because he was a concealed Catholic), was in very desirable Catholic atmosphere. With such an advance one may conclude that perhaps Shakespeare was a practical Catholic all during his famous life. But we are harassed in such a progress by a fact which one of the Countess de Chambrun's greatest authorities presents relative to the above-mentioned document. Very likely, Father Thurston informs us, in the November, 1911, issue of the *Month*, this will is not of Shakespeare's father, but that of the poet's sister, Joan. Uniting the Jesuit's hint with the criticism of Malone, and a personal suggestion, this appears to be the truth.

Firstly: Malone showed that the chirography of the will did not belong to the period of John Shakespeare, who died in 1601, but rather belonged to the middle of the seventeenth century. Joan, his daughter, died about 1648. Again, he says, the name of the poet was always spelt without the final "e" found in the signatures of the will, a practise that became current about the same time. Would it not be a solution to the problem if someone would take any one of the legal documents of John Shakespeare, bailif of Stratford, and compare the script of its signature with that of the will? But the father of Joan never signed his name and is believed to have been illiterate, for in such documents his contributions appear in an "x." So that we must say that either this will is most likely not of John, or that Joan made a copy of her father's will in her own last days; and inserted his name in accord with the spelling of her day.

Nevertheless we are led to a greater appreciation of Joan by the very keen intimation of Father Thurston. He notes that in the clause where the special patrons are imprecated the name of Saint Winifrida is added, and not Winifride, as generally accepted. The person who makes the will, then, is probably a woman. A man would not be expected to choose a female saint as a special patron, especially when no male saints are mentioned. Moreover, Joan lived in the Henly St. House where the will was found until her death. Further it is related that the first part of the signature does not spell "John" but "Jhon," which is taken to mean "John," whereas it can as easily be received as "Jone" the spelling that Joan used according to custom. If I were to write a "J" with a freehand, bringing the last stroke of the letter high and then without breaking the script continue to add an "o" along the line, that extended stroke would appear to form an "h." Yet as the name is quickly concluded to be "John," either the "on" is believed to end the writing, or the "e" of "Jone" is not perceived.

Someone may reply to this side of the question that Joan Shakespeare was married and took the name of Hart. Still, besides the plausible ideas and facts above, it is not unheard of that the maiden name of married ladies be used in the signature of a will, and Father Thurston adds that it is possible that Joan signed this pious formula of Saint Charles Borromeo in early life, and made a copy just before her death, keeping the original spelling of her name. And the final "e" is presented in the chirography of the age. It seems, then, that the will in question is not that of John Shakespeare, the father of the Bard of Avon, but more certainly of Joan, his daughter, and sister of William.

There is a second idea that would perhaps establish the bailif of Stratford as a heroic Catholic, were it not for another possibility which demands a consideration. It is related that the name of John Shakespeare appears amongst those listed by Sir Lucy, the enemy of William, as Warwick Recusants, and that the bailif had failed to attend the meetings of the Town Council for a number

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of years, presumably because attendance meant a submission to the command of Elizabeth that all her subjects worship according to the State form of religion. But it must be added that Shakespeare's father was only voted out of his civil office after seven years of repeated failures to "come to the halles," though notified to do so all during that time. Further, failure to attend the religious ceremonies newly established meant a heavy fine, and it appears that the very year in which he began to absent himself from the hall meetings was 1579, the year that John Shakespeare sold his wife's property for needed funds. Could he thus afford to pay a fine, when too it is recorded that he had failed to pay several ordinary taxes, and heavy fines for absenting himself? Or was he of such heroic caliber as to dispose of property to maintain his religious and philosophical rights? I, personally, could easily be lead to believe that the husband of an Arden, in whose veins flowed the blood of martyrs, was himself a potential martyr. But do facts allow us to conclude so? Again Puritans as well as Catholics appear on that list of Recusants. Was John Shakespeare a Catholic or a Puritan? Nevertheless, it is possible that straightened financial circumstances imposed upon him an impediment in attending those meetings for seven years, especially since we read in the memorandum speaking of the removal of John Shakespeare as alderman, a John Wheler is also mentioned who "doth desyre to be put out of the companye," and merely that "Mr. Shakespere doth not come to the halles." For Shakespeare no other reason is given, and we believe that an emphatic one would have been added if he was recognized as a Catholic Recusant. No doubt this Wheler is one mentioned by the Countess de Chambrun as a Catholic. Even convinced that the more probable fact is that Shakespeare was a Recusant Catholic on that list, we must first solve the problem of who were Catholics and how many of the number were Puritans in the record of Lucy. It is noted that no particular designations were made. Then was John Shakespeare a Catholic?

I notice in writing the above that Shakespeare's father must have given the spelling of his name as ending with a final "e" despite the comment of Malone. Nevertheless there is some difference. An "a" is inserted between "e" and "r" for the final syllable of the signature of the will. Then the matter of the different chirography from that of John Shakespeare's time must be taken into account, as well as the fact that he could not write.

Finally, after another reading of several clauses of the will, it is seen that the XIIth opens with the petition: "I do in like manner pray and beseech all my dear friends, parents, and kinsfolk." Would the aged Shakespeare have parents alive? Or is the inclusion of the word an oversight? One would more readily believe that the one who signed that will was a younger person, who as Joan Shakespeare made her last testament in the religious fervor of youth. I realize, too, the fact that Joan probably made a copy in her last days when she could have scratched out the word "parents," who were both dead in 1646. Nevertheless if according to this view, that differs from the one of the Countess de Chabrun, there would be more reason for Joan retaining the word than for John. She could have made a petition to her own parents in a spiritual sense as in heaven, or wished to have the prayers of her parents-in-law, those of her husband, a recognized custom amongst married women. Be that as it may, there are serious questions which must be answered before we can accept the will under consideration as that of Shakespeare's father, or that he was certainly a Recusant Catholic, or finally that he was a heroic Catholic Recusant who sacrificed his possessions in defense of the Faith, as it is surmised. At any rate there are no established facts to warrant any certainties on these questions!

On the other hand, there is a significant fact in the knowledge that Joan Shakespeare lived in the Henly St. Home where the will was found, and up to 1646 when the greatest violence of Catholic persecution had subsided, and while "the Catholics were for some years enjoying a quasi-toleration." The will is more probably that of Joan, who too had greater opportunities for the practise of Catholicism. Again, the form of a similar will formula in Mexico bears the date of 1661 which is closer to the day of Joan and gives evidence to the fact that the papers written by Saint Charles were quite universally current in the period when Joan lived.

J. Leo J. Vascila.

LITERATURE, ART AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Germantown, Pa.

To the Editor: A while ago, when I read in the Communications column a protest from a reader about this very column, that it was too long, that too many opinions were being aired, too much space being given to mere opinions, I decidedly did not agree. I thought that this column was exactly what was needed, that it was serving a good cause and was one of the very good features of this magazine. I think that what has been needed has been an outlet for expression on Catholic topics, near or remote, for any opinions at all worth expressing. Too long in this country has there been no opinion voiced by the Catholic laity at all, perhaps because of the lack of a medium of expression; indeed, there may have been no opinions existing even, because of a lack of expression. A great general dumbness has had possession of the mass of the Catholic population on all topics of the country's welfare. "Literature, Art and Public Affairs"—in so far as these are concerned, many of us have been as dead as door-nails or as dumb. Has not this been the cry of The Commonweal since its inception, that the Catholic population has been a nonentity as an influence, a vocal influence, in the life of the country?

Since the presidential campaign of 1928, there has been a change. The shock of finding a Catholic actually as a presidential candidate aroused everyone, the amazed Protestant and the dazed Catholic. A flood of letters rained upon every newspaper and journal. Communications of more heat than light and too taken up with details to prove anything about the truth. But a splendid purpose was served. We were all shaken from our lethargy into an interest in politics, the science of government and

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the connection religion may have with it, a change caused, as so many changes have been caused, by a personality. It now is a continuation of the force started by that impetus that this same personality is again in the limelight, that a controversy has taken place between Alfred E. Smith and two clergymen of the same religion as he. I am not one who thinks it lamentable that Catholics should thus publicly disagree. No, I am delighted. Now at last something is being said; issues are being discussed; an impersonal battle of opinions is being waged in the open. Besides proving that we really are alive, such a discussion does something also to disprove charges leveled against the Church, that she crushes initiative, molds all men to the same pattern and stamps out individuality—which are some of the more refined accusations brought against her. Now we have Mr. Smith having his opinion and expressing it, and Father Coughlin having his opinions (oh, yes, indeed) and expressing them, and Monsignor Belford expressing his opinion about Father Coughlin for expressing his against Mr. Smith; and generally everyone expressing what sounds just like his very own opinion. That is something; that is what we need, what we have always needed; but which has been woefully lacking.

And now here is THE COMMONWEAL to be an outlet for this expression of my opinion.

READER.

THE NURSE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: It is the fashion today to talk much about the psychology of the child, but how very little one hears about the psychology of the guardian of the child, the nurse!

Many counsels are given to mothers on the upbringing of their offspring, but the most important advice, the choice of the child's nurse, is deemed rather unimportant. The value of a good nurse of fine moral character, intelligent, patient, and kind, is incalculable in the life of the child. The nurse has a great vocation; she is with the child all day and all night, and if she is unfitted for the task it is of great detriment to her charge.

I go daily into the park and am shocked at the type of nurse to whom mothers entrust their little ones. Besides being absorbed in conversation with other nurses, their manners are harsh, almost unkind, in dealing with the children. I have had five children myself, and have run the gamut of all nationalities, but summing them all up I consider the Irish nurse best fitted for the task.

I have had many French nurses, but have only had four that I could trust. The French method with children is entirely contrary to our own. They believe in discipline, strict obedience and severity of manner, rather solemn in tone, all of which inculcates fear in the child. French people tell you with pride, they have no society for the prevention of cruelty to children, that the parents are universally kind, but we cannot forget the inhuman treatment given to the children of Louis XVI. The old saying, "Children take their impressions like wax but retain them like marble," is unfortunately true, and woe to the child who has been misunderstood in early childhood. We remember the rebuke little Rawdon Crawley gave to Becky Sharpe; *he* remembered her treatment.

The tribute the world pays to Lewis Carroll is none too great for his delightful treatment of childhood and his delicious nonsense. They tell a pleasant story of him, that when bound for the beach with his little friends he was armed with puzzles and safety-pins in case any little girl intent on paddling should be in need of one. We stumble on the sovereign element in all that Lewis Carroll wrote—a genuine understanding affection for little girls. Coventry Patmore in his exquisite poem, "The Toys," demonstrates the sensitive heart of the child, as he does also in that beautiful story, "Misunderstood." We read with tears about the lonely little boy scolded by nurse and father. Stevenson won many laurels in his child's garden of verse. He also understood the child-mind and the child's sensitiveness.

Let us not in this new era devote all our energies and research on scientific hygiene and mental activity for the children, and as Charles Lamb said, "Starve their little hearts and stuff their little heads" but think more of their spiritual life and imaginative play, with a capable nurse who has an understanding heart.

ALICE E. WARREN.

FACTS ABOUT CHILD LABOR

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: The repeated reference in your paper to child labor as an evil in the United States is interesting, because in a periodical edited by Catholics more truth and accuracy may be expected than in the usual newspaper.

In fact, the amount of child labor in our country is not worthy of consideration; it has no existence practically. The writer was for more than thirty years in a business which brought him in touch with a very large section of our industries. In all that time not one instance of child labor came to my notice. I feel confident that it would be impossible to name twelve authentic instances of child labor in the Union, observed within the past twelve months. Of course names and places would be expected, not general statement.

There cannot be any child labor in industry for the simple reason that it does not pay. Even if it did pay, no intelligent operator would dare to employ work people under sixteen years of age, because this is forbidden in nearly all our states, and an accident to an operator under the legal age would expose the operator to exemplary damages by a jury.

The child labor agitation has been for years an evil movement. It has done much harm by its slanders of our industrial managers, and by legislation which it has brought about. The child labor movement is not humanitarian because, as I have stated, there is no child labor; it is political and it is prompted by selfish motives on the part of those acting in this propaganda.

HENRY B. BINSSE.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Lake

THERE is the merest touch of the mood of Ibsen's "Wild Duck" to the play by Dorothy Massingham and Murray MacDonald which serves as the starring vehicle for Katharine Hepburn's return to the stage. The theme, of course, is quite different, and there is no similarity in the plot. But the affinity of mood is unmistakable. The artificial lake on the Surrege estate is a symbol of the destructive artificiality of Mrs. Surrege, and of the supine weakness of her husband, and in this lake the young husband of Stella Surrege is accidentally drowned. My own inference from the ambiguous last act is that Stella acquires the inner courage necessary to continue living by that lake. But the opposite inference is also possible—that when she leaves the house with a smiling assurance that she will come back she has already made up her mind to seek death in those ominous waters. In either case, we have the essence of the Ibsen mood in the "Wild Duck," that tragedies are largely of man's own making, and that children must expiate the moral weaknesses of their parents.

But there is little or nothing of the Ibsen craftsmanship in the play's construction. It moves slowly and haltingly, so that its few important and memorable scenes stand out in strange though illuminated isolation. Stella agrees to marry young Captain John Clayne chiefly as an escape from her midget-brained and domineering mother and from her futile love for the already married Cecil Hervey. But she ends by falling deeply and radiantly in love with her husband-to-be. She tells him of this love on the morning of their marriage and in a way that makes this scene one of the most enthralling moments in the theatre that I have witnessed for a long time. In the high tide of their discovery, the young couple decide to break away from the stale horrors of the reception Stella's mother has arranged and to escape under cover of the drizzling rain in John's automobile. As their car passes the edge of the lake which Mrs. Surrege has insisted on building to replace a lovely forest, and just as they are laughing with the sheer joy of their release, the car skids and plunges into the water. Stella is thrown clear, but John is caught beneath it and is killed.

The last act is really a duel between Mrs. Surrege and Stella's maiden aunt, Miss Lena Surrege. The duel is over Stella, with Lena Surrege fighting for the only chance to restore the girl's courage and ability to face life. The essence of it is admirably summed up in Lena's remark that nothing is worse than to have the right things said by the wrong person. Mrs. Surrege wanders on with her sweet perfection of manner from one platitude to another in utter isolation from the real meaning of the tragedy around her. The scene between these two women is also memorable, largely, let us admit, because none other than Blanche Bates plays Lena and because Frances Starr, as Mrs. Surrege, gives one of the most subtly revealing performances of her distinguished career. Lionel Pape as the futile Henry Surrege, who substitutes rose gardening for the love he is unable to express to his daughter, also contributes to the distinction of this last act.

Katharine Hepburn is, of course, the chief center of interest at all times, and is ably seconded in her efforts to give life to the play by Colin Clive as Captain John. As the unhappy Stella, Miss Hepburn has a chance to delineate three distinct moods, the rebellious girl of the first act, the suddenly matured woman of the second act, and the desperately struggling soul of the last act. There is no doubt of the finely tuned quality which she brings to each of these moods, of her genuine sensitiveness, of her richly expressive face and manner and her keen understanding of the inner meanings of Stella's struggle. But we must face the stubborn fact that Miss Hepburn is not yet a great actress on the stage. In the motion pictures, she has the advantage of rendering each scene at her best. A mistaken gesture or a false intonation can always be corrected by taking the scene over again. The stage makes a different demand, that of an irrevocable continuity. In the theatre, her voice still has a tendency to reach a high and strained monotony. She lacks emotional reserve for the more intense scenes. These are faults which experience can correct. Her innate qualities are of the best, as were those of Helen Hayes a few years back. If Miss Hepburn can grow and learn as Miss Hayes has done, she may easily become one of the most luminous actresses of our stage. (At the Martin Beck Theatre.)

The Loves of Charles II

AFTER giving us so successfully in her unique dramatic sequences the "Wives of Henry VIII" and the life of Empress Eugenie, Cornelia Otis Skinner has now turned to the monarch of the Restoration, Charles II of England. Miss Skinner is a dramatist as well as a solo actress of uncommon ability, and uses her dramatist's license to interpret character as well as portray it. Just as the invisible Henry VIII dominated a sequence that showed us only the women he victimized, so it is Charles, rather than his mother, his wife and his mistresses, who dominates this latest historical sequence. In Miss Skinner's view, he was a man melancholy at heart, afraid of life and constantly running away from it through the outer forms of gallantry and debauchery.

We first "see" Charles with his mother, while they are both poor exiles on the continent. It is from his mother that we get the prophecy that he will run away from realities and seek false avenues of escape. Our last glimpse of him at his death bed, when his unhappy Portuguese wife, crucifix in hand, tells him that his sins will be forgiven the more easily because they have meant so little—little more than an effort at escape. In between, with full Restoration frankness of dialogue, we "see" him with a Dutch wench, with Lady Catslemaine, with Louise de Queroalle and with the cockney Nell Gwyn. Miss Skinner still evokes the sense of multiple reality with uncanny perfection. But in romanticizing and excusing as much as she does the licentious monarch and his period, she has done a disservice to honest perspective. (At the Forty-eighth Street Theatre.)

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BOOKS

The New Deal

Roosevelt and His America, by Bernard Faÿ. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

The Roosevelt Revolution: First Phase, by Ernest K. Lindley. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50

The American Way: Franklin Roosevelt in Action, by Earle Looker. New York: John Day Company. $2.50.

A REVOLUTION is not a rebellion, but a successful rebellion. It is not a thing in the making, but a thing made. Apparent revolutions have a disconcerting way of turning backward. For example, in the first two years of the American Civil War it seemed certain that it was a successful revolution, and Gladstone expressed the almost universal idea when he declared that Jefferson Davis had made a nation.

All these three books treat the innovations begun last March by the President and Congress as a revolution, a thing accomplished. Mr. Lindley subtitles his "Roosevelt Revolution" with the words "First Phase," evidently hinting that each year he will write another book reciting the phases down to the happy culmination. One of his chapters deals with the new currency system, and is confidently headed "Good-bye to Gold;" not au revoir or auf wiedersehen, but good-bye. M. Faÿ divides his book into three parts, an introductory part, a part headed "Lost America," and a part headed "America Finds Herself Again." She was lost, as M. Faÿ sees it, under Mr. Roosevelt's precedessors, and found herself last March.

Despite the fact that his title is the most aggressively certain of them all, Mr. Lindley is in fact the only one of the three whose assurance of a completed revolution is modified by the remembrance that apparently completed revolutions often turn out, in retrospect, to have been only revolts. There is some evidence that his comparative moderation is inspired by the restraining hand of a lady who makes a distinction between history and prophecy. It is in his dedication which is "To B. G. L., Who Doesn't Think the Roosevelt Revolution is a Real Revolution Yet. (And She May Be Right.)" In his preface, rendering thanks to those who have aided him, he says: "Most of all I am indebted to Betty Grimes Lindley." If 1934 should tell a different story from 1933, he may find he is more indebted to her than he now believes.

Mr. Looker's title, "The American Way," might well have been M. Faÿ's. M. Faÿ's central idea is that the American characteristic is to meet every crisis with a revolution; that Washington did it, Jefferson did it, Lincoln did it, and now Roosevelt has done it, and each because it is the American way. It is hardly necessary to say that of the three books M. Faÿ's is the most philosophic, has the broadest outlook and the greatest depth. André Maurois said truly of him that "on American topics he writes not as an amateur but as one with authoritative knowledge"; and to the topic now in hand he brings his usual width of vision and power of correlating America with the world.

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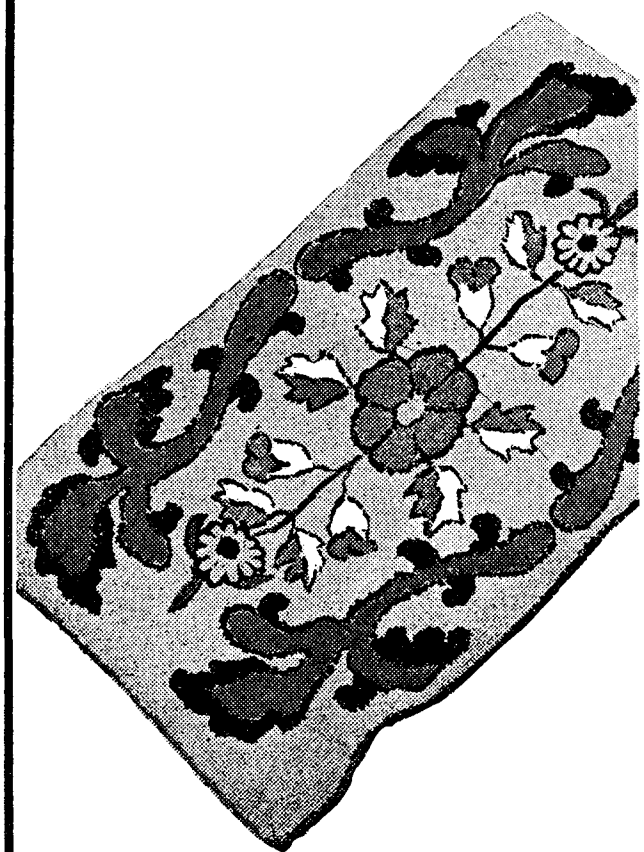

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NEXT WEEK

THE BUDGET AND THE SALES TAX, by Arnold S. Potter, states the case for this allegedly painless, or relatively painless, method of raising the cash which is being, or has been, spent by the government. Our national debt has been soaring and eventually it will either have to be reduced in an orderly way, or events will force its reduction in a disorderly and disruptive manner, the author says, and he points to several harrowing examples. The salubrious effect on public confidence, and on business, of balancing the governmental budget and reducing the debt is described by the writer, and he cites instances of this result being achieved through the application of the sales tax. . . . HENRY FORD AND ROMANTIC CORK, by Seumas O'Brien, is a colorful and vigorous account of the citizens of an old city who are taking on new ways. There is humor and humanity in the picture of men and women who have that salient thing called character though their living might be meager and uncertain. . . . THE PRODIGIOUS MINTER, by Stuart Goulding, is about "The Prodigious Minter of Exorbitant Novelties," Roger Williams, described by Mr. Goulding as the first to establish religious tolerance and civil freedom for all religious sects in a state. . . . IN A CITY OF JUDEA, by Michael Earls, is a paean in praise of Mary who in the supreme hour of the Annunciation did not hesitate to hurry to her cousin Elizabeth when she also was to become a mother, and it celebrates the homely, lovable virtues of courage and helpfulness attendant on motherhood.

But Mr. Lindley's is the one most valuable to the reader who seeks for a careful and thorough analysis of just what it is Roosevelt means to do and just what it is he has done. It is really a study of all that has happened and is happening, as complete as it can be made by anybody, and is based on an intimate personal knowledge of the subject. It is recommended here to those who seek a good grasp of the bewildering rapid procession of events; it is vigorous and yet sober, a work of serious merit from any standpoint. He writes in the best temper, in the most reasonable tone, and he has gone deeply into the facts. His exceptional opportunities for knowledge at first hand have been amplified by confidential access to others whose opportunities have been still greater. It may be impudent and prying in this review to thank Mrs. Lindley's influence for such cautious phrases as "The vast social experiment now under way in the United States is moving too rapidly to admit of firm conclusions," or might be if Mr. Lindley had not himself supplied the excuse for such an intrusion. In his preface he calls the book "tentative," and "reserves the right to amend it" on the discovery of "errors or new facts."

All the three deal with the same subjects. As a literary production with a broad general background, M. Faÿ's ranks first. But for real information Mr. Lindley's does; and just now it is real information that the American public is avid for, hurried breathlessly along as it has been. It is astonishing that Colonel House, who has written the introduction for Mr. Looker's book, declares his belief "that it will long be considered the authoritative study of Franklin Roosevelt as public citizen and as President." In truth Mr. Looker deals with the same topics as the others, but M. Faÿ outshines him in breadth and Mr. Lindley in grasp. Mr. Looker writes in the most journalistic style possible, and at times in the manner of the most blaring ad-writer or radio ballyhooer who ever offended good taste. His book, however, is preferable to the other two in its intimate portrayal of Mr. Roosevelt's personality, if a reader is more interested in that than in how the President's "revolution" affects him and the other millions. Even here Mr. Looker is subject to criticism; there is too much "I" in the personal parts, too much of the I-said-to-Roosevelt sort of thing. Mr. Lindley could have taken that attitude too, but subordinated himself. There is a boyish boisterousness about Mr. Looker's writing that rather disfigures it, for example in his inveterate habit of preceding or accompanying a name with a crimson adjective such as "red-faced Jack Garner."

The "revolution" is proceeding too rapidly, whether toward success or defeat, to write history as it runs. A sample instance of that is that all three of these historians, dealing with the "Brain Trust," devoted major space to members of it who were fading out of it, or had already faded out, before the three books were in the bookstores. There is internal evidence of hurried insertions in the proofs to meet that objection, as last-minute news of changes in the Brain Trust reached the authors, but the news of the shifts in that council came too late to permit the revision of the all-too-sure chapters about them.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

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An Unsettled Century

Johnson's England: An Account of the Life and Manners of His Age; edited by A. S. Turberville. New York: Oxford University Press. $14.00.

THE READER of Boswell, however grateful a person he may be, can't well avoid an occasional pique. His author too frequently takes it for granted that outward conditions (social custom, historical happening and the like) will seem as obvious to posterity as they do to himself. Nothing could have been more manifestly incorrect. Life has grown so different from what it was in the eighteenth century that many of the plain facts of then are almost too strange for belief now. Accordingly, the editor of the present two-volume symposium wisely decided to see if a good deal of "social material" could not be presented in a readable way. He took for his model the now famous "Shakespeare's England" and invited twenty-eight authorities to write on as many subjects.

No doubt the work has the advantages and faults of all symposia. Often the contributors have a difficult time keeping off each other's domains; and the general injunction, "Be readable," worries some of the more scholarly into something akin to enforced emaciation. There are some pretty thin passages; there is a sprinkling of odds and ends interesting only to the specialist. But on the other hand the advantages are fully as easy to discern. It is for example far better that a chapter on agriculture should be written by that competent Oxfordian, Mr. C. S. Orwin, than that it should be inserted into a general narrative by a person excusably unable to tell a shorthorn from an ugly duckling. The total effect is comparable to that produced by a good number of a good magazine.

Singling out the chapters which seem first rate involves a certain amount of personal preference. Some are by standard authorities. Thus music is discussed by Sir Henry Hadow, the theatre by Professor W. J. Lawrence, and the newspaper by Professor D. Nichol Smith. Others betray the loving care of the amateur, as witness particularly the fine paper on "Taste" by Osbert Sitwell and Margaret Barton. No part of the work is more helpfully informative than Mr. E. J. Holmyard's summary of science, mathematics and astronomy—subjects on which the century had a great deal to say. Good, burry writing characterizes the admirable section on the navy by Admiral Richmond, and fairness is one of the chief virtues of Dr. Sykes's essay on the Church. The work deals, of course, with many more things—travel, town and country life, manners, painting, trade, crime, exploration, sculpture, gardening, book-selling and sports among others. One regrets the absence of a section on philosophy.

As a whole this symposium is an admirable introduction to the life and letters of the eighteenth century. It is of course not a substitute for a history of politics, economic development, literature or art. But it leads up to the study of all these by finding a common denominator which is, perhaps, best defined as that plain human essence which most concerned the great man whose name is appropriately bestowed on the age in which he lived.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

SHEED & WARD AND SALES

If it be true that the one flaw in the character of Blessed Thomas More was an insufficient study of the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas, then he will see the joke in our December sales figures, for of our larger books, Chesterton's *THOMAS AQUINAS* ($2.00) and Sargent's *THOMAS MORE* ($2.50) ran neck and neck for first place in the month's figures.

(We say "of our larger books" advisedly. For actual first place goes to F. J. Sheed's *MAP OF LIFE* ($1.25), which may be interpreted as meaning, either that the public likes theology written so, or that it is an advantage to a book to be written by its publisher.)

To return to our Thomases: Sargent's book is picturesque but very accurate history; Chesterton's is picturesque but very accurate philosophy. The great value of Chesterton's book is that it will enable the rank and file of us to know what we mean next time we say that the Thomistic philosophy is a necessary bulwark of human sanity. This will be a great comfort.

Still on the subject of best sellers, Nicholas Berdyaev's grimly named *END OF OUR TIME* ($2.25) would have beaten them both if there had not been a gap of a fortnight between the selling out of the first edition and the appearance of the second. This is one of those rare books which definitely touch a nerve of the reading public. Its interpretation of the signs of our times has met and crystallized something already vaguely forming in thoughtful minds everywhere. What this Russian orthodox has to say cannot be neglected by Catholics.

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Another Family

The Old Man Dies, by Elizabeth Sprigge. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

TIME and again the summons came, and from all the corners of England the Rushbrookes hurried to the house in Lancaster Gate to await with ever-quickened hopes the news. But each time the Old Man rallied, until it finally looked as though he would outlive them all. Of course, they all wanted him to die, from the wastrel grandson Jimmy to Tom, the meritorious older brother and good angel to the varied flock. Even Mems, the Old Man's second wife who had devoted the best years of her life to his difficult nature, really hoped that some day she might be freed of her burden.

Just why their feelings had reached this concentrated state of bitterness one does not learn certainly. The most definite reason advanced by any member of the clan comes from Angela, the younger daughter when asked by her fiancé what the Old Man had done to inspire this remarkable feeling: "Oh, he didn't *do* much. It was just his being there that was terrible. It was as if—it's awfully hard to explain—as if a sort of gloom emanated from him." That is about as near as we come to the Old Man, and not very convincing. The other Rushbrookes assume more definite shapes, particularly when they are silent—which, unfortunately, is not very often. They are a various-natured lot, and on the whole rather dull. Yet under the author's dextrous manipulation they assume a more than passing semblance of humanity, particularly in their final development.

This occurs at the reading of the will (for in the end the Old Man actually dies) which contains a surprise for every member of the family. By a technicality the bulk of the estate goes to Jimmy, the ne'er-do-well, while Tom, who has borne the family troubles since his father's retirement, simply finds his responsibilities increased. At this moment the Rushbrookes emerge as definite creations instead of nebulous forms indulging in small talk, and the reader is left to regret that he did not know them sooner.

FRANK WOLLENCOTT BARNES.

Fresh from Harvard

Jonathan Bishop, by Herbert Gorman. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THE VIEWPOINT of Mr. Gorman's melodramatic novel of the last days of the Second Empire, the Franco-Prussian War, and the Paris Commune is that of Jonathan Bishop, a young American fresh from Harvard, come to Paris in search of the hypnotic-eyed Gaultier Saint-Just, who talked to him of revolution some years before in Hyde Park. Before he finds Saint-Just, Jonathan finds Mme. Zinh. She is a *cocodette,* paid by the government to use her charms in extracting secrets from foreign diplomats. Without payment, she uses her charms on Jonathan, though not to obtain official secrets, and he, as any Boston boy might, is grateful, until he discovers what the lovely Dutch woman really is: that cures him of the whole business and transforms him into an adult.

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Adulthood sends him off to Sedan, where he witnesses the defeat of the French and sees two men he had known in Paris, one alive and one dead, and takes the identification papers of the latter. He goes back to Paris, bearing a letter from the Emperor to the Empress, whom he helps in her flight to Deauville. When the Commune comes into power he is seized and set to work building barricades. In the meantime, he has met Saint-Just, who has acquired Mme. Zinh as a mistress. Jonathan is hit by a shell as MacMahon takes Paris; along comes the living friend he had seen at Sedan and, because of those papers, identifies his body as the corpse of the dead one. Irony!

Such a complete résumé of the story is given since no reason appears why anyone should read "Jonathan Bishop." Those who are determined to try the book for themselves must be warned of the following: a style that is reminiscent of strangulation; a set of characters as much clichés as the phrases in which they are described and in which they think; constant obtuseness to the demands of fiction—such as the killing off of the character through whom most of the action is seen and who, therefore, one presumes has an existence after the time-limit of the book; a prevailing dullness. But Mr. Gorman must be credited with one skilful stroke: apparently cognizant of his inability to create character, he has named his fanatical revolutionary Saint-Just, so that the benumbed mind now and then in its drowsing confuses him with the earlier (historical) Antoine.

GEOFFREY STONE.

Self-liberators

Escape; arranged and edited by F. Yeats-Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE TIME is rare when man is not in flight from something. Major Yeats-Brown's omnibus volume of celebrated escapes considers escape in a wide variety of meanings. Latude's account of his flights from the Bastille and Harvey Logan's famous jail break are excellent and obvious choices; as much may be said of the numerous escapes from fire, flood and pestilence. But finally Major Yeats-Brown has the supreme good sense to put in DeQuincey's escape from reality through opium; Saint Augustine's escape from sin through conversion.

The most interesting and astonishing section of the book, however, contains a series of news dispatches to the London *Times* of 1885. These tell the story of John Lee, who in that year was condemned to death for murder—which penalty he never paid because at each of three attempts to hang him the gallows refused to work. The story of Lee is one of the strangest in curiosa, and the account Major Yeats-Brown has arranged would be even better if he had given just a few of the many explanations of the failure of the gallows. The *Times*, to which he confines himself almost exclusively, refused to consider the marvelous in the case and dismissed it (when Lee's sentence was commuted to imprisonment) as a miscarriage of justice. The case remains today the fascinating mystery it was in 1885.

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Briefer Mention

Levi Silliman Ives, by John O'Grady. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $1.25.

DR. KINSMAN was not the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America to make his submission to Rome. He was preceded, many years before, by Levi Silliman Ives, who, when he entered the Catholic Church in 1852, had been Bishop of North Carolina for nearly twenty years. Both converts wrote accounts of their spiritual journeys, but that of the earlier has been out of print, and Dr. O'Grady's inspiring little volume is therefore especially welcome. Ives's career as a bishop of constantly increasing High Church tendencies was marked by storms of controversy. No sooner would he make a reassuring statement than it would be followed by another "that threw the Episcopal Church into utter confusion." Catholics, on the other hand, could not understand or sympathize with his wavering. His life as a Catholic was devoted to the cause of the poor. Through his work for the New York Protectory he was pioneer of Catholic Charities in New York. He died, beloved as the friend of neglected children, in 1867. There is a slip in the introduction. Ives must have been fifty-five, not fifty-eight, when he was received into the Church.

The Pursuit of Death. A Study of Shelley's Poetry, by Benjamin Kurtz. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.50.

A WELL-WRITTEN—possibly a little too luxuriantly written—study of Shelley's verse by a professor at the University of California would seem at first to be no very important event. Yet one feels, after all due allowances for a definite philosophic bias have been made, that few recent contributions to American critical literature are more valuable or interesting. Professor Kurtz studies Shelley's concern with death, showing that it was present in early youth but that, after the passing of Harriet, it became a theme for poetic and philosophic speculation which was approached morally, esthetically and mystically. A fine general knowledge of the Romantic poets underlies the work, which submits the Shelley verse to analysis that is never parched and often admirably aware of life.

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